

1899



The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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The Morning Watch.

1899.

VOL XII.

GREENOCK :
JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS,
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Contents.

Illustrations

REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH--

	Page
1.—The Rugby "Back's" Excuse, -	25
2.—The Rugby "Forward's" Excuse, - - - - -	44
3. Saturday to Monday Illnesses, -	57
4.—The Cricketer's Excuse, - - -	61
5.—Better Sermons at Home, - - -	73
6.—A Touch of Rheumatism, - - -	85
7.—Dislike to Draughts, - - -	97
8.—A Blistered Heel, - - -	109
9.—The Milliner to Blame, - - -	131
10.—The Milkman's Excuse, - - -	136

CHILDREN WHO HAVE SOMETHING STILL TO LEARN—

	Page
1.—The Boy who keeps his hands in his pockets, - - - - -	55
2.—The Boy who takes the wrong side of the stair, - - - - -	67
3.—The loitering message Boy, - - -	83
4.—The Boy who wets his thumb when reading, - - - - -	89
5. The Child at the key-hole, - - -	103
6.—The Boy who steps in in front of people, - - - - -	114
7.—The Boy who smokes, - - -	130
8.—The Careless Nursemaid, - - -	140

Abandoned, - - - - -	133
Anemones, - - - - -	41
Baker's Window, - - - - -	91
Barnacles, - - - - -	70
Blots, Page of - - - - -	11
Breaking the Clods, - - - - -	38
Buoy, - - - - -	34
Cattle, Highland - - - - -	13
Children Wading, - - - - -	79
Climbing the Gate, - - - - -	68
Cowper's Mother, - - - - -	113
Crow, The Selfish - - - - -	49
Falkland Coat of Arms, - - - - -	10
Fences, - - - - -	32
Forgotten Sheaf, The - - - - -	117
Grandmother, The Soldier's - - -	121
Grumbling Girl, A - - - - -	23
Jury Masts, - - - - -	9
Khalifa's Seal, The - - - - -	98

Lagavulin Bell, The - - - - -	107
Lee, Mr. Robert - - - - -	21
Livingstone's Mother's Grave, - - -	27
Mother and Child, - - - - -	1
Murray, Rev. W. H. - - - - -	43
New Moon, - - - - -	6
Pheasants, Young - - - - -	105
Rabbits' Burrow, - - - - -	95
Scarecrow, - - - - -	52
Sheep, - - - - -	31, 47
Ship Signals, - - - - -	19, 22
Spinning Wheel, - - - - -	143
Squirrel, - - - - -	139
Susie, lift the Duster, - - - - -	58
Tail pieces, - - - - -	2, 18, 69
Tug of War, - - - - -	106
Vaulting, - - - - -	111
Winter's Fuel, - - - - -	127
Yacht, - - - - -	81

What is thy Name?

	Page
Abigail, - - - - -	3
Mrs. Hill, - - - - -	4
Countess of Kinnoul, - - - - -	5
Lady Digby, - - - - -	5
Adah, - - - - -	16
Miss Menken, - - - - -	16
Adelaide - - - - -	
Queen Adelaide, - - - - -	16
Nansen's Mother, - - - - -	17

	Page
Agnes - - - - -	
Nancy Raymus, - - - - -	26
John Livingstone's Mother, - - -	27
John Welsh's Aunt, - - - - -	28
Countess of Dunbar, - - - - -	29
David Livingstone's Mother, - - -	39
Mrs. Potten, - - - - -	39
Mrs. Wardall, - - - - -	39
Mrs. M'Math, - - - - -	40

What is thy Name?—Continued.

	Page		Page
Agnes—		Amelia—	
Mrs. Guthrie, - - -	40	Princess Amelia, - - -	100
James Watt's Mother, - - -	40	A Bad Amelia, - - -	112
Alice—		Annie—	
Mrs. Driver, - - -	51	Anna Melville, - - -	112
Bacon's Wife, - - -	52	Cowper's Mother, - - -	112
Alice Fell, - - -	63	Lady Elcho, - - -	123
Lady Egerton, - - -	64	Dr. Hort's Mother, - - -	123
Mrs. Coherley, - - -	64	Miss Clough, - - -	124
Mrs. J. R. Green, - - -	64	Princess Anne, - - -	124
Princess Alice, - - -	64	Lady Spragge, - - -	125
Alison—		Ann Glanville, - - -	125
E. Erskine's Mother, - - -	75	Lady Raeburn, - - -	134
Mrs. Cockburn, - - -	76	Miss Long, - - -	135
Thomas Boston's Mother, - - -	87	Miss Cooper, - - -	135
Miss Dunlop, - - -	87	Anne Pringle, - - -	136
Miss Cray, - - -	88	Hon. Mrs. Vane, - - -	136
Mrs. Noble, - - -	99		

	Page		Page
Angels, Number of - - -	5	Munck's Prayer, Iens - - -	18
Athletics, - - -	10	Murray, Mr. James, Chung King	
Baker's Occupation, The - - -	90	(with autograph), - - -	14
Ballad of Susie Kay, - - -	58	Murray, Rev. W. H., of Peking, - - -	42
Barnacles, - - -	70	New Year's Wish, A - - -	2
Bell, The Lagavulin - - -	106	Ninety-nine, - - -	2
Bessborough, Earl of - - -	60	Occupation? What is Thine - - -	90
Blood, Shedding of - - -	122	Pacifying the gods, - - -	138
Blots, - - -	10	Pearls, Wearing of - - -	101
Boat, A Boy's - - -	81	Peats for Winter, - - -	126
Conceited Hawthorn Tree, - - -	29	Pheasants, Foolish - - -	105
Conscience, Mr. Hervey's - - -	24	Playfair and Edith Thomas, Lord - - -	141
Cricket, - - -	62	Rabbit, The Disobedient - - -	94
Crossing the Bar, - - -	44	Sampson's Flag, Admiral - - -	26
Dunfermline School Mottoes, - - -	47	Sea-Side, The - - -	78
Eton in 1600, - - -	18	Sheaf, The Forgotten - - -	115
Farmer's Monument, The - - -	52	Ship's Sails, A - - -	7
Farmer's Work, A - - -	38	Signet Ring, A - - -	98
Great Tom of Oxford, - - -	74	Soldiers Dying, - - -	132
Grief, Immoderate - - -	125	Sulky Men, - - -	24, 120
Holidays, End of the - - -	86	Thring's Scholars, Mr. - - -	72
Lee, Mr. Robert - - -	19	Time, Use of - - -	71
Letter-writing, - - -	50	Viz., - - -	120
Little Faith, - - -	34	Walker's Resolutions, Mr. - - -	125
Months, Our - - -	36		

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One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 1.



"O my Lord, teach us what we shall do unto the child."—Judges 13, 8.

"The Morning Watch" for 1898, being Volume XI., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The Volumes for 1888, '91, '93, and '94 are out of print; but those for 1889, '90, '92, '95, '96, '97, may still be had. Price, One Shilling each.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

"MANY will be wishing you a happy New Year at this time: Gentlemen, I wish you a happy Eternity."—*Rabbi Duncan's Salutation to his Students.*

'99.

THE Nineteenth century does not end till the 31st December, 1900. It has still two full years to run. But with the coming of 1899, the Twentieth century, as we say of the hours on the clock, is *warned*. The word "warned" is well chosen. We can't help being glad sometimes, it is true, when time passes. But we should remember that for one who is glad when an hour comes, there are many, many, to whom that hour means

more than tongue can tell. Every hour is *the* hour to some one.

We all hope to see the close of the century, and 99 comes very near it, yet 99 is a long way off it. Many a cricketer, ambitious to make his 100, never gets the single run he needs to reach it. Millions of men who begin this year will finish it in another world.

Give yourselves to Christ, and whatever happens this year, all will be well. Look at the crow on the picture. Foolish people used to think a crow a sign of bad luck. But our Lord bids us "consider the ravens." The God Who looks after them will look after us. We are worth more to Him than they.

I knew a young officer in the Navy who, when he was dying, two years ago, said to the doctor who was sitting beside him, "Doctor, I like these words, 'Doth He not leave the ninety-and-nine?'" So I hope that, now and again this year, when you write these figures, you will say to God, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; oh seek me, till Thou find me."



What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

Be that overcometh, I will write upon him the Name of My God, and Mine Own new Name.—REV. iii. 12, R.V.

When a child is born, it gets two names. The first or Christian name is chosen for it by its parents and friends. The second name or surname is an inheritance that has come down to it through eight or ten generations at most. Four or five centuries ago people in our country, like the Jews and the Greeks, had only one name. There was a time, they say, when one-third of the men in England were called either William or John, and that was all the name they had. Our surnames were first given to our ancestors from the places in which they lived, or from the trades they followed, or from something striking in their personal appearance. If those who have borne our names before us have been wise, our family names are a rich inheritance; they are certificates of character as well as birth.

For our Christian names our parents alone are responsible. It is a pity that, in choosing them, so many are guided by custom, swayed by temper, or ruled by pride. A thoughtlessly chosen name may do much to spoil a child's chances in life. When a name, for example, becomes too common, it is not fair in friends to give it to a child. The child might almost as well have no name at all. On the other hand, a famous name is quite as bad. If a boy's name is Knox, his parents ought not to call him John. There is one John Knox already, and there can be no other. And of course, to give a child a ridiculous high-sounding name is worse than cruel. It compels the child to feel, when it comes of age, that its father and mother were not wise. In choosing names all parents should ask advice from God.

Yet, strange to say, almost any name, however colourless or ludicrous, may be redeemed in process of time. It becomes saturated, so to speak, with a new meaning. It ends by being simply the symbol of ourselves, and people, when they hear it, forget the mere words and think only of the qualities of the men and women whom they designate. And that is one of the things God means by His Own new Name. Take, for example, the Apostle Paul. The word Paul means "little." Yet no name has a bigger meaning, or holds in it more of God and Christ.

If all is well, I purpose going over the more or less common of Girls' Names, taking them in alphabetical order, and telling you little stories of good and brave women, and sometimes, for your warning, of wicked women, who have borne them. And may all Girls who at any time may read these words have their names written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

What
is thy
name?

ABIGAIL

ABIGAIL means "father of joy," that is, joyful, happy herself, and the cause of happiness to others.

There are two of this name in the Bible; the first, a sister of David's, whose marriage with Jether, an Ishmaelite, is one of many proofs that in Old Testament as in New Testament times Gentiles and outcasts were welcomed by the noblest and best in Israel into the church and family of God. Amasa, so treacherously slain by his cousin Joab, was her son.

The second Abigail was the woman "of good understanding and

What
is thy
name?

ABIGAIL

of a beautiful countenance," who was married, doubtless, as was common in those days, without being consulted, to Nabal, an ill-natured, drunken fool. But he was very rich, and perhaps her parents thought him a great catch. Many a time she must have felt that her young life had been flung away. But her husband's neglect and cruelty only drove her nearer God. She is one of the most capable women mentioned in the Bible. By tact and prompt action and "blessed advice" she kept David from shedding much innocent blood. She was one of those to whom "life had grown to be so gracious, so happy, so serious, that she would not infrequently say a thing worth saying." She will be remembered for ever as the woman who coined that wonderful phrase—"bound up in the bundle of life." It is no wonder, therefore, that as soon as the people of England were allowed to read the Bible, which the Church of Rome had kept from them for ages, this beautiful name became instantly a favourite, and continued so for almost two centuries. It is now, unfortunately, almost unknown in Britain. A curious proof of its disuse is seen in the fact that in Lloyd's Register, which is supposed to contain the name of every steam and sailing ship in the world, there is not at the present moment a single ship called Abigail; while a hundred years ago there were six, besides an "Abigail and Ann." But the name is still in use, I hear, in the United States, especially amongst the descendants of the Puritans. Its contracted form is "Abby."

Common as the name was in England—and few names for a time were more popular—I am sorry I have been able to find out hardly any particulars about any who have borne it.

ABIGAIL
HILL.

The best known Abigail in English history is ABIGAIL HILL, the wife of Mr., afterwards Lord Masham. She was the cousin of Sarah, the proud Duchess of Marlborough who domineered so long over Queen Anne. Being very poor she served for a time as a lady's nursery-maid. Her cousin, hearing of her poverty, got the Queen to make her one of her waiting-women. When the Queen wished to wash her hands, it was her duty, so we learn from an old letter written in 1728, to take the basin and ewer from the page of the back stairs, set it on the table, and then kneel on the other side of the table over against the Queen, and pour the water on the Queen's hands. She also had to pull on the Queen's gloves, but she called in the page to put on her shoes. When the Queen dined in public, a page handed her glass to Mrs. Masham, who then handed it to the lady-in-waiting, who in turn handed it to the Queen. It was Mrs. Masham's duty also to bring the Queen her chocolate, and this we are told she did "without kneeling." After a time, being a good musician, and a fine mimic—which is a great gift if used kindly and with discretion—and above all, being able to keep a secret, which is one of the finest things that can be said about a woman, she took the place of the Duchess in her Mistress's affection and was the Queen's friend till death, "never in the way and never out of the way." But it stands on record in history—how a word may be remembered!—that the Duchess one day called Abigail Hill "that wretch."

What is thy name?	A distant relative of Lady Masham's, ABIGAIL, daughter of Robert Harley, the first Earl of Oxford, married in 1709 the seventh Earl of Kinnoul, but of her I can find out only this, that her husband, like Nabal, was a churl. Having appointed an utterly unworthy man as minister over a parish—for these were the days of patronage in the Church of Scotland—he was entreated by the people and advised by the General Assembly not to insist on the nomination, but he stoutly refused, saying that he was determined to stand up for his full legal rights.
ABIGAIL Countess of Kinnoul.	
ABIGAIL Lady Digby	ABIGAIL DIGBY, whose husband was knighted on the field of battle at Zutphen, when Sir Philip Sidney was killed, 1586, was a woman of great beauty and dignity of person, an inheritance which she passed on to her son, the first Earl of Bristol. This son, after a chequered career, was buried in a cabbage garden that had been purchased in Paris for a burying-place for Protestants. In 1622, thirty years before his death, he had been imprisoned in the Tower, on his return from an embassy to Spain, at the instigation of the Duke of Buckingham. Having resolved to appeal to the House of Lords, he made his son the bearer of his petition, and "the boy, for he was only twelve years old, and it seems of incomparable beauty, not only presented it at the bar with a graceful confidence which instantly attracted attention, but accompanied the action by the delivery of a few apt sentences, with a simplicity of feeling and a correctness of expression which excited the astonishment of the House to the utmost."

And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—2 Kings 6, 15.

One Angel strengthened our Lord,
And one delivered Peter;
When Hagar fled at Sarai's word
One Angel went to meet her.

And one appeared to Gideon, too,
As he the wheat was threshing;
One watched Elijah all night through,
And baked for his refreshing.

'Twas one who stood by Paul when he
In Adria was tossing,
And one turned back that great Red Sea,
And made a way for crossing.

And one the hand of Abr'ham stayed,
As he the knife was raising;
One Zacharias speechless made
Till he was ripe for praising.

One loosed the tongue of Balaam's ass;
One quelled the lions' roaring,
And in their den made Daniel pass
A gladsome night, adoring.

How then did these two men behold,
On mountain and in valley,
Thousands of Angels, hosts untold?
What made them thither rally?

"Your Angel, mine, are always near,
God never leaves us lonely;
When Syrians come, be of good cheer!
It means—more Angels only.

Bad men have Angels, too, I wot,
One each, to warn, curb, guide him;
So every Syrian has got
His Unseen Mate beside him."

Therefore my foes I'll gladly count,
Whenever I have any;
The higher up *their* numbers mount,
My Angels are as many!

New Moon, 11th January.



*The form of the shining present
By the shade of the past is controlled,
As the curve of the young moon's crescent
Is shapen about the old.*

*In the self-completing orb
Of a life, that, in its own light,*

*Doth the shade of itself absorb,
Man listeth through time's long night.*

*In the present, his future he seeleth,
Formeth and holdeth it fast,
And himself to himself revealeth,
Himself by himself surpast.*

—The late Lord Lytton.

A Ship's Sails.

Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel. For, lo, He that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, The Lord, The God of Hosts, is His Name.—Amos 4, 12.

THE ships of the ancients, such as one for example as Paul sailed in to Italy, had one big square sail, and a little foresail at the bow. In modern times a three-masted sailing-ship has from sixteen to eighteen square sails, four head-sails—these are the triangular ones at the bow—six staysails, extended on stays or ropes leading from one mast to another, and one spanker or large fore-and-aft sail reaching from the mizzen, or hindmost mast, to the stern—about twenty-seven or twenty-nine sails in all. The area presented to the wind by these sails in a ship of 1,650 tons would be as follows. The figures are those of the *Mermerus*, a well-known wool-carrying ship belonging to our port, kindly given to me by the owners.

Square canvas,	-	23,848	square feet.
Head sails,	-	3,465	"
Stay sails,	-	4,965	"
Spanker,	-	2,719	"

Total area, - 34,997 square feet.

That is to say, if the sails had been all sewn together, they would have made one enormous square sail, 186 feet in every direction. On such an area the force exerted by a scarcely perceptible breath of wind, blowing only five miles an hour, would be about two tons, while the pressure of what sailors call a good steady breeze, blowing about 21 miles an hour, would be 32 tons. In a gale of 40 miles, supposing all

sail were set, the pressure would be 120 tons; in a heavy storm of 60 miles, 280 tons; and in a hurricane of 80 miles, 500 tons. To that we must add the pressure exerted on the masts and spars and body of the ship itself! And all these stormy winds fulfil God's word, for He gathers the winds in His fists. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy Name?

Even more astonishing than the sail area is the length of rope, &c., required for the rigging of a ship. The following figures refer to a ship, recently launched, of the same size as the *Mermerus* :—

10,805	Fathoms of Manila Rope.
4,410	" Wire Rope.
4,400	" Seizing Wire.
471	" Rigging Chains.
420	" Cable Chains.
40,320	" Houseline.

60,426 Fathoms, or $68\frac{2}{3}$ miles!

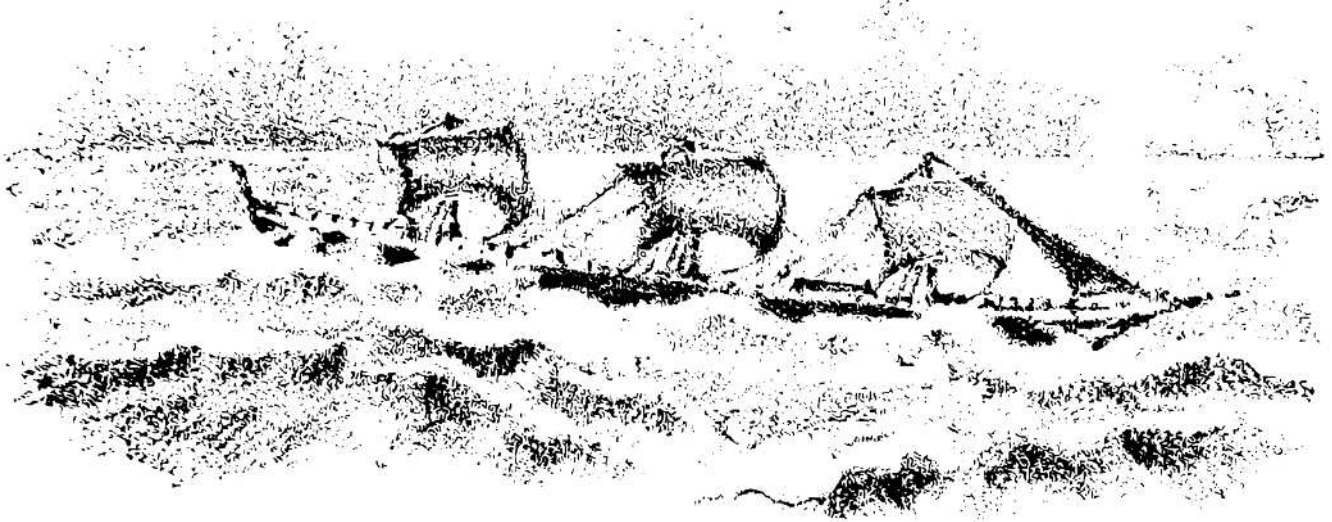
The wire rope is chiefly for the standing rigging, such as the shrouds or ladder-like ropes which support the masts, but it includes two wire hawsers. The Manila rope, which includes six deck ropes, is for the running gear; that is, the ropes used in making or taking in sail. The seizing wire is for covering or wrapping round the ends of the wire rigging to make it look a more finished job. The houseline is thick cord which is wrapped over the strips of canvas with which the wire rigging is covered. That makes it easier for the men to handle it. The rigging chains are for hoisting and lowering the yards, or spars, and for hauling the sails out to the yard-arms. The cable

chains are for anchors and mooring purposes. And it is God's Holy Spirit That has enabled men to invent and make all these things.

Sailors tell us that, say, during a voyage to or from this country to India or Java, every possible sail in the ship will be set for two-thirds of the time. The only occasion in fine weather when all sail is not set is when the wind is right aft, that is, blowing straight behind the ship, when, of course, the fore-and-aft sails are not set because they would not draw. They tell us, too, that it is surprising how little wind it takes to make a smart ship go if its hull is clean. That was specially the case with such ships as the famous China Tea-Clippers built thirty years ago. Ships are now built not so much for speed as for carrying capacity. Their bows are rounder, or as a landsman would say, blunter, and the ships are fuller all over. The older ships had much finer lines—were, so to speak, more wedge-shaped. The clippers I have spoken of would go five or six knots an hour when the wind was so light that the sails were flapping all the time.

When one thinks of that enormous spread of canvas, it is easy to see how a ship, if caught in a heavy squall, might founder or be dismasted if the sails were not taken in in time. If the masts do not go overboard, the ship is bound to turn over. Captain Ralston, late of the ship *Niobe*, tells me that he was once mate in a ship that was right over on her beam ends. The yard arms and the weather coamings of

the hatches, that is their upper sides, were under water. Every man on board was standing on the outer side of the ship. The ship had been laying to under a close-reefed main-topsail, and with the first burst of the wind the sail was blown clean away, and it was when they were under bare poles that she went over on her side. When the ship was in this state, there was nothing for it but to cut away the masts. Fortunately they had a house on deck aft, and in his room there was a hatchet. Had the cabin been below, the hatchet could not have been got at. He began by cutting the lanyards of the backstays, that is, the ropes that support the topmast—there are three separate pieces in the length of a mast, and the topmast is the second of these—thinking that, if the topmast broke off, that would ease the ship and she might right herself. The part above the topmast would have gone too, of course. But so tough was the topmast that it would not break but only bend, and that made things worse. They then cut the shrouds of the lower rigging, but it was not until the last one was cut that the mainmast went, tearing the deck up with it, and taking the foretopmast and the mizzen topmast with it, that is, the upper parts of the other two masts of the ship. She then righted herself instantly. But a new danger threatened them. The mainmast, that is the middle mast, was now lying alongside the ship in the water, with all the lee rigging and the mainstay still attached to it.



The mainstay is an iron rope that comes from the mainmasthead down to the main deck near the foremast. It is the heaviest rope in the ship, and being of wire they could not cut it for some time, and all this while the mast was hammering against the bottom of the ship. They managed at last, however, to get it cut clear away.

This made it necessary for them to rig up a jury-mast. If all three masts had gone, they would have had to set up three, and that is a difficult thing to do unless in fine weather. The difficulty lies in setting them up on end. They are very large and heavy, and the sailors, who by this time are exhausted and perhaps discouraged, have to do it all by main strength. The rigging being all gone, they have nothing to help them, or to lessen the strain by. Once, however, the masts are set up, if the ship does not roll, the rest is all easy work. The jury-masts are fastened with chains and guy-ropes to the ship's sides.

The picture represents the Dallan

Tower, which was dismasted many years ago on her way from London to Melbourne. I don't know whether she rolled her masts out, or whether they were carried away by the force of the wind. They were all gone, at any rate, and she had still five thousand miles to go. Having some spare spars on deck, her people rigged up three jury-masts, and under these she came safely, if slowly, to her journey's end. But when she was quite near Melbourne, she was caught in a gale of wind blowing dead towards the land. Unable to fetch the harbour, she drifted to within a quarter of a mile of the land, and then both anchors were let go. By the good Providence of God she rode out the gale. And then a most extraordinary thing happened. When the wind moderated, and they came to heave her anchors up, with the very first turn of the windlass the chain parted! Had that happened while the gale was blowing, the ship would have gone ashore, and every soul on board would have perished.



NEARLY five hundred years ago a soldier from Arragon, in Spain, came to London and challenged any man of equal rank in England to fight him. One, Robert Cary, accepted the challenge, fought him, and overthrew him. For his valour he was knighted, and, further, received the king's permission to assume his rival's armorial bearings. To this day, therefore, the Cary-Falklands have in the first and fourth quarters of their shield "on a bend three roses of the field."

This year I hope all of you will win and wear, in your faces, in your words, in your whole walk and conversation, the marks of the Lord Jesus, the signs of victory over yourselves, and over Satan and his hosts.

THERE is a new pastime which some of you may have seen. People make *blots* in a book, *bona fide* blots, like those on the opposite page, and then try to turn them into pictures by adding strokes here and there to them.

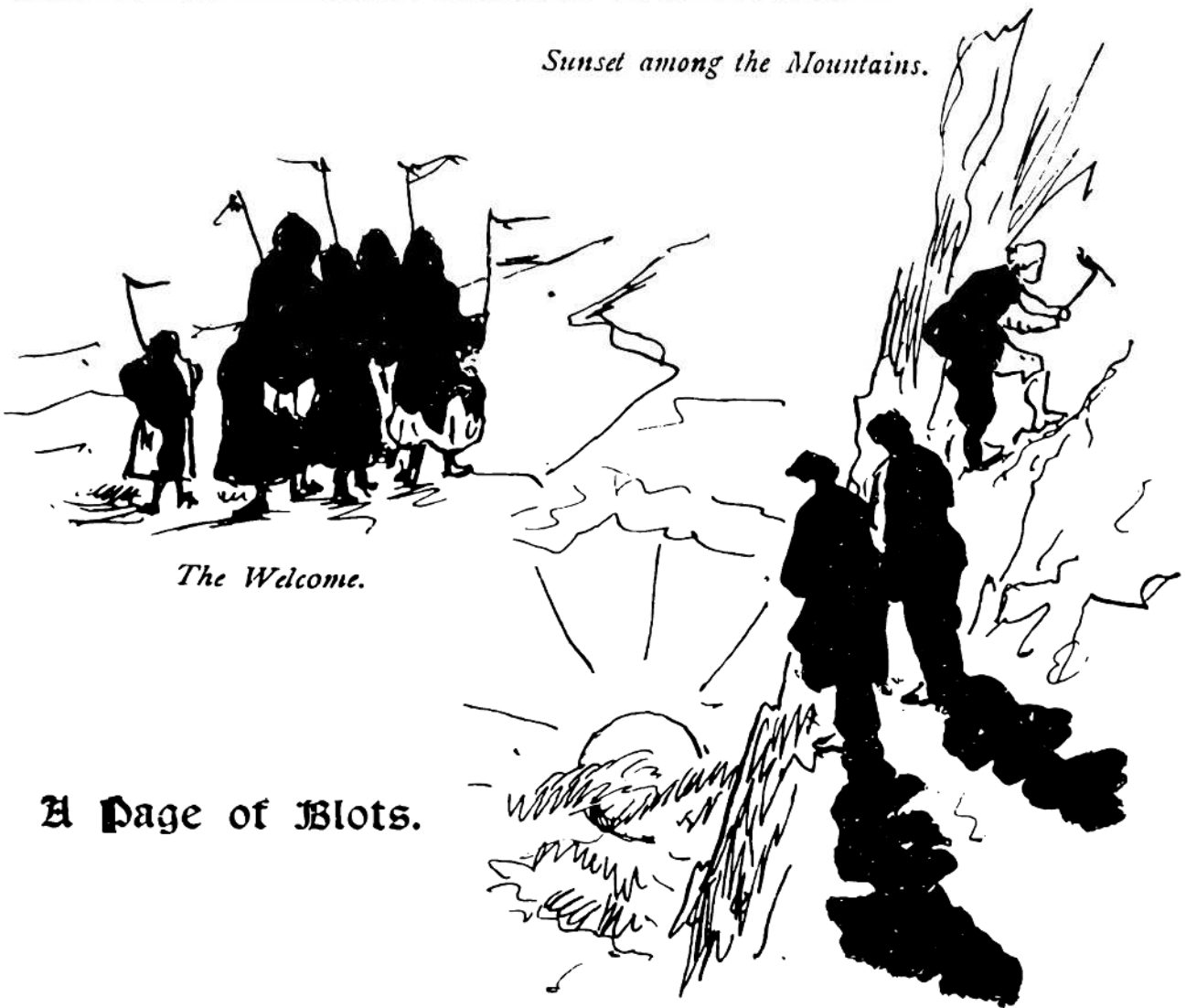
They say that performers in circuses sometimes tumble intentionally, to show how cleverly they can pick themselves up. But it is a risky thing to do. Many years ago a very able engineer was giving

evidence before the House of Lords for the first time. It occurred to him as a happy idea, that if he made one or two carefully arranged apparent slips when his own lawyer was examining him, he would gain great glory by cleverly extricating himself when the opposing lawyer began to cross-examine him. So, when he gave evidence, he stammered, and hesitated, and seemed to contradict himself now and again, much to the annoyance of his examiner, who finally sat down much displeased. Then the engineer smiled. He would soon put everything right and come off with flying colours. But, to his consternation, the opposing lawyer, when the Chairman of the Committee beckoned to him to begin his cross-examination, simply said, "I have no questions to put, my Lord." The poor engineer was hoist with his own petard! He was never asked to be a witness again.

Even so in our lives, though Christ can wash away the foulest spot, and bring good out of evil, God forbid that we should continue in sin, that grace may abound. We cannot sow wild oats without being, all our lives, the worse for it. Pray God, therefore, that you may keep your garments clean and walk with Him in white.

But if other people make mistakes, don't make things worse than they are. Rather try to shield them and help them and bring them to the Lamb of God Which taketh away the sin of the world. "Above all things be fervent in your love among yourselves; for love covereth a multitude of sins."

Sunset among the Mountains.



The Welcome.

A Page of Blots.



Pending for themselves.

*Mrs. Partington keeping back
the Atlantic with her Mop.*

- 1 **S** As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, to see the sepulchre.
- 2 **M** And the angel said unto the women, Fear not ye :
- 3 **TU** For I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.
- 4 **W** He is risen, as He said.
- 5 **TH** And they departed quickly, with fear and great joy.
- 6 **F** And as they went to tell His disciples, Jesus met them, saying, All hail.
- 7 **S** And they came and held Him by the feet, and worshipped Him.—*Matt. 28, 1.*
-
- 8 **S** Behold, now is the acceptable time ;
- 9 **M** Behold, now is the day of salvation.—*2 Cor. 6, 2. (R. V.)*
- 10 **TU** To-day.—*Heb. 3, 13.* "Ὁρῇ κάλλιστον χῶρῃ ἐλαφρότατον, *hore kalliston, chore (kai hore) elaphrotaton*, "Opportunity is the fairest, opportunity the lightest-footed of things."—*From the Greek Anthology.*
- 11 **W** Give the more diligence to make your calling and election sure.—*2 Peter 1, 10. (R. V.)*
- 12 **TH** I flee unto Thee to hide me.—*Ps. 143, 9.*
- 13 **F** I press on ; one thing I do, I press on.—*Phil. 3, 12-14. (R. V.)*
- 14 **S** Awake, thou that sleepest.—*Eph. 5, 14.*
-
- 15 **S** Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ?
- 16 **M** Shall God That justifieth ?
- 17 **TU** Who is he that shall condemn ?
- 18 **W** Shall Christ Jesus That died ?—*Rom. 8, 33. (R. V. in the margin.)*
- 19 **TH** The Father hath committed all judgment to the Son.—*John 5, 22.* When the Earl of Kildare was accused of certain misdemeanours in 1496, Henry VII advised him to choose the wisest counsel he could get, for his case looked bad, adding, "You will get any good fellow you name." "Then," said the Earl, "I will choose the best in all England, I will choose your Majesty !" an answer which instantly won him the king's favour.
- 20 **F** If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ.—*1 John 2, 1.*
- 21 **S** The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us.—*Rom. 8, 26.*
-
- 22 **S** The Word dwelt among us, full of grace and truth.—*John 1, 14.*
- 23 **M** Ye seek to kill Me, a Man That hath told you the truth.—*ch. 8, 40.*
- 24 **TU** I came that I should bear witness to the truth.
- 25 **W** Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.—*ch. 18, 37.*
- 26 **TH** Buy the truth ;
- 27 **F** And sell it not.—*Prov. 23, 23.* When Richard Lewis Nettleship, Tutor of Balliol College, who perished in the Alps in 1892, was at Uppingham School, he and the other senior boys were asked, according to custom, to bring an unknown offender to justice. Addressing the school, he asked the boys to remember they were trusted. "Uppingham," he ended, "is a little place, and I daresay you fellows think it doesn't very much matter how we treat either our masters or one another ; but at least it shall never be said, if I can help it, that Uppingham boys are either liars or cowards. Those who agree, show their hands." And the whole school rose and cheered their head boy to the echo.
- 28 **S** God loveth righteousness ; the upright shall behold His face.—*Ps. 11, 7. (R. V.)*
-
- 29 **S** Blot out all mine iniquities.
- 30 **M** Create in me a clean heart.
- 31 **TU** Then will I teach transgressors.—*Ps. 51, 10.* Thomas Clifford of Ugbrooke, who had been a soldier and a diplomatist—he was at the siege of Cadix in 1596—went to Oxford when he was past fifty to study divinity, and preached till his death in 1634 without pay or preferment, "to show to others the rocks on which he in his youth had run."

February, 1899.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 2.



*Praise the Lord, fire and hail ; snow and vapours ; mountains and all hills ;
fruitful trees and all cedars ; beasts and all cattle.—Psalm 148, 7.*

Volumes I. to VIII. (1888-95) are out of print; but Volumes IX., X., and XI. (1896, '97, '98), may still be had. Price, One Shilling each.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

The Youngest Life Member of the National Bible Society of Scotland.

THE National Bible Society of Scotland has two Mr. Murrays amongst its agents in China, the Rev. W. H. Murray, Peking, a Glasgow University Student, and Mr. James Murray, Chung King, who is, I am proud to say, an old Glasgow High School boy. They are both notable men, with whom, I think, there are very few in Britain worthy to be named in the same sentence. But it is of the latter I wish to tell you a few things.

Some one has said that if Abraham were to come back to this world, the book that would astonish him most, next to the Bible, would be *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. In it he would see how the Spirit of God has taught men to make space little and time great. In his days men measured time by years and months and days, by mornings and evenings; we moderns measure it by hours and minutes, and moments and fractions of moments. What *Bradshaw's Guide* did for England, *Murray's Time Tables* has done for Scotland. It has added, inconceivably, if one only thinks of it, to the duration of human life. It has sweetened it as well as lengthened it. With the founder of this publishing firm, I believe, Mr. James Murray is connected.

In 1887 he volunteered for

Missionary work in China, and there he has continued to labour ever since, with the exception of a brief furlough two years ago, *and all at his own charges*. He has not taken one penny of salary! Through the kindness of Mr. Slowan—whom may God long preserve as the Society's Secretary—I have had an opportunity of following Mr. Murray's career in China, as it is given in the Society's records, and at every step I have found myself saying, "This is a man after Paul's own heart," a man who knows what it is to be "in perils;" and yet he is always rejoicing, glorying only in the cross of Christ. I should have liked, if I had had time, to tell you of the many journeys he has made, of the hundreds of walled cities and the innumerable villages in Western China to which he has carried the Word of God. There are regions in which his is the first foreign face that the natives have ever seen. Wherever he has gone Christ has gone with him, and before him, preparing a place for him.

I should have greatly liked also to tell you of Mr. Murray's horse, which has been his faithful friend and comrade for over nine years. I wish I could have given you its portrait. I am sure that, in its own way, in ways we cannot conceive, it has had communion with God. May the blessing of Him Who rode in triumph upon the ass into Jerusalem rest upon it to the end.

Two years ago Mr. Murray came home for a brief so-called holiday—a holiday he refused to take sooner because there was no one to take his place—during which he addressed two hundred and thirty meetings!

He returned to China in December, 1896, having married, three months previously, Miss Lizzie Roxburgh, of The Whins, Alloa, a lady evidently worthy of him in every respect. In December a year ago God gave them a little son, concerning whom Mr. Murray wrote as follows from Chung King, 4th March, 1898 :

"We got a number of kind letters of congratulation from the home-lands by last mail, on the occasion of the arrival of our little son, and among others was one from his Grandfather enclosing a present to the little boy of £10.

My wife and I think we cannot do

better than use this money in making him a life member of our beloved Bible Society.

We have abundance for all our present needs, and I daresay our little boy will be a richer man than his father, and we would like him early to learn to give liberally to the Great Giver of all good things.

I therefore enclose cheque for £10 to make Master Alexander Roxburgh Murray a life-member of the Society. * * * *

JAMES MURRAY."

May God grant that the little lad may be richer than his father and mother *every way!*

*I therefore enclose cheque
for £10 to make Master
Alexander Roxburgh Murray
a life member of the Socy -
James Murray*

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

He that overcometh, I will write upon him the Name of
My God, and Mine Own new Name.—REV. iii. 12, R.V.

(Continued from page 5).

What
is thy
name?

It may interest some who read this to know that the ten names most common amongst girls in Scotland seem to be, in their order—Mary, Margaret, Janet or Jessie, Elizabeth, Jeannie or Jane, Isabella, Annie, Helen, Agnes, and Catherine. I have gone over lists containing several thousands of names of young people in different parts of the country, and I find that out of every thousand,

What
is thy
name?

eight hundred bear one or other of these ten names. Mary, of course, occurs most frequently, and there cannot be too many Marys if they all strive to be like her who was the mother of our Lord. There are two of them, on an average, in every nineteen women whom one meets, and two Margarets in every twenty.

ADAH.

The name ADAH, which is not to be confounded with the Saxon Ada, means "ornament," "beauty." The first Adah was one of the wives of Lamech. She was the mother of Jabal, the first shepherd who made tents and roamed abroad, and of Jubal, the first musician. She is one of the four women who lived before the Flood whose names are known to us.

This name, common for a time amongst the Puritans, is now almost confined to those who are of Jewish birth. I give one instance of it, and that chiefly for the sake of one incident. There was an actress of varied accomplishments, ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, who attained considerable notoriety forty years ago. She was born in Louisiana, U.S.A., 1835, and after a sorrowful career, and an amount of misery in her married life which recalls to one's mind the story of the Woman of Samaria, died in Paris in 1868, at the age of thirty-three. She is buried there in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and on her tombstone, under her name, are these two most solemn and most touching words, taken from the ancient prophets of the faith in which she died—

"THOU KNOWEST."

ADE-
LAIDE.

ADELAIDE—which means, like Sarah, "a princess"—was the name of the wife of William IV. She was the daughter of a German Duke, and was married to her husband, then Duke of Clarence, in 1818, in her twenty-sixth year, he being in his fifty-third. Though he was not a man of whom any woman could very well be proud, she proved a loving wife to him, and it was in her arms he died, in 1837. When word was brought to her that George IV. was dead, and that her husband and she were now King and Queen of Britain, it is said she burst into tears. On regaining her composure, she took up a Prayer Book that was lying on a table, and having written her name in it gave it to the gentleman who brought the news, that it might be her first gift to any one as Queen. It was thought at first that she meddled with politics, and for a time she was most unpopular. A few months after her accession—it was the time when revolution was in the air—it was not deemed safe for her or her husband to visit the Lord Mayor of London. On one occasion her carriage was attacked in the streets, and her footmen had to use their canes in her defence. In process of time, however, the ill-feeling against her passed away. There was one act of hers which specially touched the heart of the nation. In 1837, when her mother was but newly dead and her husband's health was giving way, she gave a magnificent banquet to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of her niece, the Princess Victoria, our present Queen, that being the age at which it became competent for her to assume the reins of government, in the event of the King's death. Queen Adelaide's own children, two little daughters, either of whom had she lived would have ascended the throne, had died in early infancy, and it

What
is thy
name?

QUEEN
ADE-
LAIDE.

must have been no ordinary trial to a mother to welcome the coming of age of one who was to take the place she had once hoped to see filled by one of her own dead little ones. After her husband's death she was forced to travel in search of health. She stayed for some time in Madeira, and in Malta, where she built an English Church in memory of her visit. She gave largely—upwards of £20,000 a year—to benevolent and religious institutions. She died in 1849, in her fifty-seventh year, from the rupture of a blood vessel in her chest. In her will occurred these words: "I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God; and I request therefore that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight, no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors. All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who desire to attend, may do so. . . . I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected nor embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible. . . . I shall die in peace with all the world, full of gratitude for all the kindness that was ever shewn to me, and in full reliance on the mercy of our Saviour Jesus Christ, into Whose hands I commit my soul."

She was buried as she wished. At the close of a simple ceremony, the Garter King-at-Arms, standing near the grave, pronounced her titles and style as follows:—"Thus it hath pleased God to take out of this transitory life unto His Divine mercy the late Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Princess Adelaide, the Queen-Dowager, relict of His Majesty King William the Fourth, Uncle to Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Victoria." Then, according to custom, her Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain, that is, the officers who had charge of her household, stepped forward to the mouth of the tomb amidst a profound silence, broke the long white staves which were the badges of their office, and kneeling, laid them on her coffin.

ADE-
LAIDE
NANSEN

ADELAIDE JOHANNA ISIDORA WEDEL-JARLSBERG, the second wife of Baldur Nansen, was the mother of Nansen, the Arctic Explorer. She is said to have been a tall, stately lady, capable, resolute, even-tempered, and straight forward. Greatly against the wishes of her father, Baron Christian, a strict aristocrat of old family, she took for her first husband a baker's son. Her mother sided with her, but neither she nor her husband would go to the marriage, though they both at last gave their consent to it. Mrs. Nansen showed her masculine will, further, in cultivating the sport of snow-shoeing, an art which was regarded by public opinion, like skating in our own country forty years ago, unbecoming in a woman. She was an active, managing housewife, not afraid of the coarsest work. She toiled in the garden, and made her boys' clothes. Indeed, they had no other tailor till they were eighteen. She was a great reader, too. It was on a small property belonging to her, at Great Frøen, that

What
is thy
name?

her famous son, who is very like her in face, was born, 10th October, 1861. She taught her two boys from childhood to endure hardness. They had to take turns in waiting at table, and for pocket money they had sixpence a-piece per month, for every penny of which they had to give account.

IENS Munck, a Danish captain engaged in Arctic Exploration in 1690-20, wrote the following prayer in his journal when he had given up all hope of rescue :

"Inasmuch as I have now no more hope of life in this world, I request, for the sake of God, if any Christian men should happen to come here, that they will bury in the earth my poor body, together with the others who are found here, expecting their reward from God in heaven; and furthermore that this my journal may be forwarded to my most gracious lord and King—for every word that is found herein is altogether truthful—in order that my poor wife and children may obtain some benefit from my great distress and miserable death. Here-with, good night to all the world; and my soul into the hand of God."

Happily he was rescued, and lived to give God thanks, saying: "Thou art my Highest Pilot, Counsellor, Guide, and Compass.

Thou hast saved me from the ice-bergs in dreadful storms, and from the foaming sea."—*Hakluyt Society's Publications, 1897.*

THIS is how the boys at Eton School spent their time three hundred years ago:—

5 a.m.—Rise and dress, reciting prayers meanwhile. Make beds and sweep up room. Wash hands and faces at an open conduit.

6.—The Usher reads prayers and teaches for an hour.

7-9.30.—Lessons with the Head-master.

9.30-10.—Interval.

10.—Prayers.

11.—Dinner.

12-3.—Work in School.

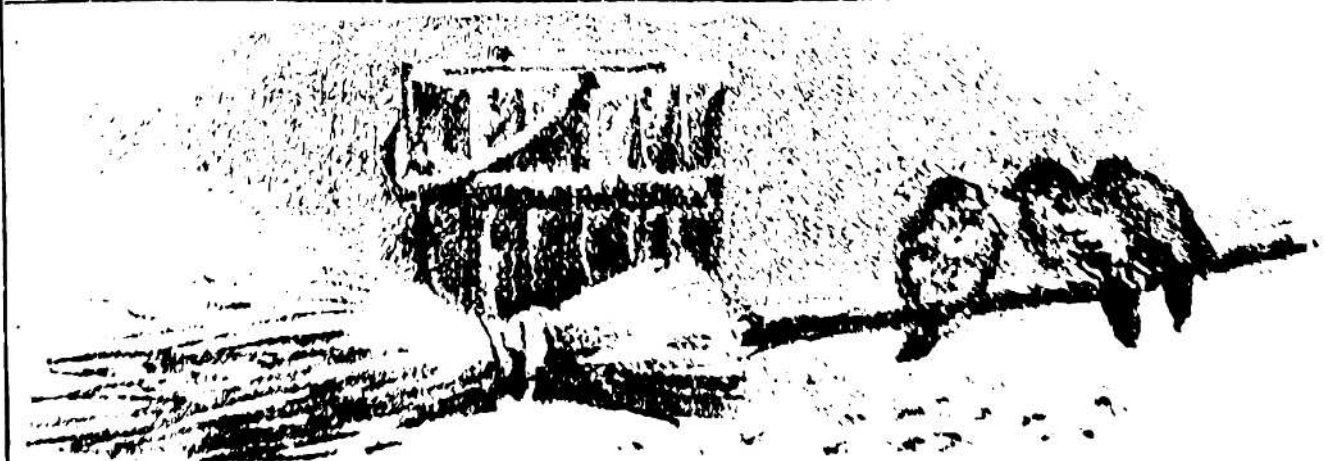
3-4.—Free hour.

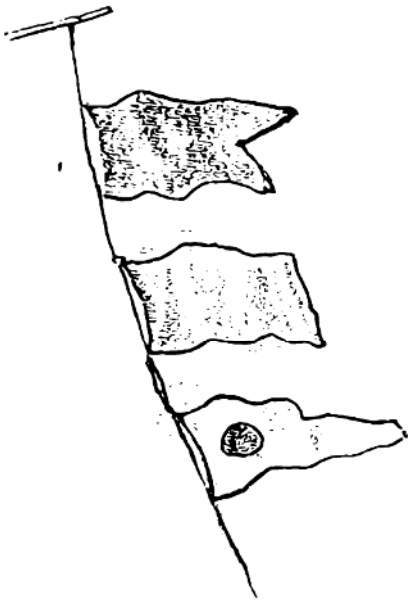
4-5.—School.

5-6.—Supper.

6-8.—Lessons, with short break at 7.

8.—Prayers, and to bed.





This is the signal used at sea for "Report me well." The uppermost flag should be coloured red, and stands for the letter B; the second, yellow, is Q; the third, a white pennant with a red circle, is C.

OUR Old Pilot, Mr. Robert Lee, passed away at noon on Thursday, 15th December last, at his residence, 2 Wellington Street, Greenock, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He has left two daughters behind him. His wife died a few months before him, and his only son some years ago. He had been a sailor for sixty years. His first voyage was in the *Miramichi* barque to Quebec, and to the very last he remembered the day when he climbed her rope ladder in Gourock Bay in his Sabbath clothes and Kilmarnock bonnet, with his working clothes in a canvas bag, his little Bible in his pocket, and his Mother's blessing on his head. After spending a number of years at

sea he obtained the great object of his ambition, becoming a Deep-sea Pilot in 1853. The first vessel he took charge of was the *Achilles* barque of 600 tons, on the 12th November of that year; the last was the s.s. *Palawan*, of 2,995 tons, which he took to the Cumbræes on the 9th October, 1895. He was to have taken her round to the South of England, but turned ill and had to be sent ashore. During these forty-two years he made 512 long trips. The total number of ships he piloted was 2,420. The money value of these it is of course impossible even to guess, but for three great companies alone, the P. & O., the British India, and the North German Lloyd's, he navigated ships which cost twenty-six million pounds. I never knew a man so proud, so humbly proud, of his profession; it was no common trial to him when failing health compelled him to abandon his life's work. He suffered much pain during the last few weeks of his life—it was his heart that troubled him—but he bore it very patiently.

He was a tall, well-made, square-shouldered man, with blue eyes and a good colour in his face; very tidy and methodical in all his ways; demanding strict obedience from all who were under him, but never better pleased than when he saw men trying to do their best, and had it in his power to help them on. Pilots, I think, more than most men, have their jealousies, but I can truly say that never once, during all the years I knew him, did he say an unkind or ungenerous word about any of his brethren. He was full of

fun, and in his youth especially had all a sailor's fondness for a practical joke. I give one instance. Landing once at Port-Glasgow from a foreign voyage early in the morning, he set off at once, with a comrade, for his mother's house in Gourock, six miles away. Near home he had to pass a well-known fruit garden. The men had not yet begun their day's work, and there was no one about the place. But the sight of gooseberry bushes was more than the sailors could stand. They made their way in and ate to the full, and then, taking out of his pockets some fine plugs of tobacco which he had brought home for his friends, for Mr. Lee himself neither smoked nor drank all his days, he fastened them neatly to the bushes by way of payment. Next day it was noised abroad through Gourock, somehow, that the owner of Cove Gardens had taken to growing tobacco!

To say that the Old Pilot was generous is but to say he was a sailor. I am permitted to give one illustration. A few months before his death, on his way home from the bank, he dropped his pocket book containing £40. Some hours afterwards, to his great delight, as was only natural, it was handed in at his door by a gentleman. But what pleased him most was this, that it was the gentleman's servant, a young Irish girl, who had found it, and given it at once to her master. Mr. Lee sent her £5, with his grateful thanks and kindest wishes for her welfare, expressing the hope that his little gift might form part some day of her marriage dowry.

I have sometimes been asked if Mr. Lee really wrote the stories that have appeared in his name in the last three volumes of *The Morning Watch*. Now and again I put in a few words of my own, two or three times I added, with his permission, illustrations of what he told me, from my own personal knowledge, or from the experience of sailors and captains known to me, but, otherwise, from beginning to end, they were written literally to his dictation, and on several occasions copied from manuscript which he had himself prepared for me. The telling of his *Reminiscences* was a great delight to him. He knew that little of his life remained, and like Ulysses after his wanderings, he felt

How dull it is to pause, to make an
end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in
use!

* * * *

Old age hath yet his honour and his
toil;
Death closes all: but something ere
the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet
be done

Not unbecoming men.

The great wish of his heart was that all lads might love their mothers, and fear God, and make their country great. And small as the opportunity was that the pages of this little Magazine afforded him, he yet welcomed it very gladly. He believed the opportunity was given him by God; he did his best, and left the result with Him.

Last autumn, one day when he was very ill, he said to me with great solemnity these words: "There's

Mr. Robert Lee.

only one thing left for the Old Pilot now, and that's 'Crossing the Bar.' A gentleman, a Mr. ———, once stopped me in the street, I remember," he continued—"I had taken him and a party of friends in

his yacht up the West Highlands—and he said to me, 'Mr. Lee, I often smile as I think of that trip. Do you remember we went on board at Greenock late at night, and your orders were to start at six in the

morning, but we all slept so soundly, and you slipped away so quietly, that when we awoke we found we were away ever so far down the firth.' And so it will be with me, I think. You'll come up some day, and you'll find that the Old Pilot has slipped away in the morning, and crossed the bar." And then, as he often did, especially towards the last, he told me that he was a poor sinner, but all his hope was placed in the mercy of God in Christ.

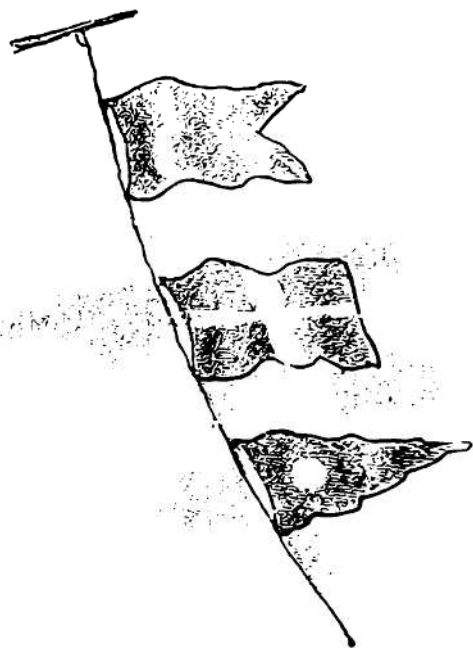
"What matter," says one of Browning's characters in *The Ring and The Book*,

What matter if hurried o'er
The harbour bar by a great favouring
tide,
Or the last of a spent ripple that lifts
and leaves!

Much every way. And I for one like to think that our Old Pilot had an *abundant* entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that he was one of those for whom

There was no moaning of the bar
When he put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
'Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.



B R D; B should be red; R, red with a yellow cross; D, a blue pennant with a white circle. This is the signal for

Farewell.

THIS is Sibyl Mabel Gray seated at the window, grumbling because it is the third day of rain and she can't get out to try her new bicycle.

Banjo beside her is grumbling too, I am sorry to say, but it was his little mistress who taught him. Out in the street—only, those who read this would need to go a few yards nearer the window to see them—are Susan MacKechnie the fruiterer's message girl, and her master's dog Donald that has come to keep her

company. Susan has a stone-and-a-half of potatoes in a basket on one arm, and a basketful of vegetables on the other, which she has carried for more than half-a-mile. But she is quite merry, because a customer gave her a penny to herself in the morning, and that's the second she has got since she went to this her first situation on the 2nd of January, and she is going to buy worsted to knit a pair of stockings as a surprise gift for her little brother's birthday. And Donald is quite happy, too,



though to-day, for the second time this week, his left ear was badly torn by another dog. He is glad his right ear is untouched, for the heavy rain is very painful to a raw wound,

and he can ward it off his left ear by keeping the right side of his head uppermost. And besides, Susan looks happy, and what more could a dog wish?

1	W	He changeth the times and the seasons.— <i>Dan. 2, 21.</i> Come, Spring! She comes on waste and wood, On farm and field: but enter also here, Diffuse thyself at will thro' all my blood, Lodge with me all the year!— <i>Tennyson.</i>
2	TH	The Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings.— <i>Mal. 4, 2.</i>
3	F	Thou shalt quicken me again.— <i>Psalms 71, 20.</i>
4	S	And He breathed on them.— <i>John 20, 22.</i>
5	S	Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things.— <i>Phil. 4, 8.</i>
6	M	Put away from thee a froward mouth,
7	TU	And perverse lips put far from thee.— <i>Prov. 4, 24.</i>
8	W	The man Nabal was churlish.— <i>1 Sam. 25, 3.</i> Captain Luke Foxe, a famous early navigator, describes his chief officer as "a drone who cannot wake watches together, and so dogged is he as not one word will he utter. I never yet heard him bid good morrow, or good night, when he comes or goes to bed. . . . This day he came not to prayers nor dinner. The one is a greater miracle than the other."
9	TH	It grieveth the slothful to bring his hand to his mouth.— <i>Prov. 26, 15.</i>
10	F	As the door turneth on his hinges, so doth the slothful on his bed.
11	S	The lamp of the wicked shall be put out.— <i>Prov. 13, 9.</i>
12	S	His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor— <i>Isaiah 9, 6.</i>
13	M	The kings of the earth set themselves against the Lord.— <i>Psalms 2, 2.</i>
14	TU	Rehoboam forsook the old men's counsel.— <i>1 Kings 12, 13.</i>
15	W	And spake to the people after the counsel of the young men.
16	TH	Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,
17	F	And unto God the things that are God's.— <i>Matt. 22, 21.</i>
18	S	Holding a good conscience.— <i>1 Tim. 1, 19.</i> A Mr. John Hervey once voted against that which Charles II. desired, and the king chid him severely for it. Next day, on another important matter, he voted as the king would have him. That night Charles said to him, "You were not against me to-day." "No, sir," he answered, "I was against my conscience to-day."
19	S	O Lord, what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies!— <i>Josh. 7, 8.</i>
20	M	The children of Ephraim, being armed, and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle.— <i>Psalms 78, 9.</i> During a sortie at the last siege of Paris, Sir C. A. Gordon counted thirteen French soldiers carrying one wounded comrade to the rear.
21	TU	Should such a man as I flee?
22	W	Shemaiah was hired that I should be afraid and sin.— <i>Neh. 6, 11.</i>
23	TH	Whosoever will save his life shall lose it.— <i>Matt. 16, 25.</i>
24	F	I said, Thou art my God.
25	S	My times are in Thy hand.— <i>Psalms 39, 14.</i>
26	S	If God be for us, who can be against us?— <i>Rom. 8, 31.</i>
27	M	I will fear no evil.— <i>Psalms 23, 4.</i> Queen Elizabeth having asked the first Baron Scott of Buccleuch how he dared to undertake a certain desperate enterprise, he answered, "What is it that a man dares not do?"
28	TU	I can do all things through Christ.— <i>Phil. 4, 13.</i>

March, 1899.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 3.



Neither of these Rugby football three-quarter backs goes to church now. The one who has just kicked the ball—and he did it very cleverly—doesn't go because the minister's voice jars on his nerves and gives him headache: so he says. And the one who tackled him won't go, because a few Sabbaths since, "one of the elders pushed rudely past him in the porch."

Volumes I. to VIII. (1888-95) are out of print; but Volumes IX., X., and XI. (1896, '97, '98), may still be had. Price, One Shilling each.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

WHEN the United States fleet was going in to attack San Juan, in Porto Rico, during the war with Spain last year, every ship had at least three national ensigns flying. If one were shot away, two would still be left. The ship on which an Admiral is, from which he directs operations, carries always the Admiral's own flag as well. But it was noticed on this occasion that Admiral Sampson had taken down his flag, which had

been flying from the truck, that is the highest point of the *Iowa's* military mast, and had hoisted it to one of the wire ropes that supported the funnel. He wished his country's flag, *The Stars and Stripes*, to float highest of all.

And so ought we to do, seeking not our own glory, but one another's, and our church's, and our country's, and our Saviour's. Let our chiefest banner be the banner of Christ's love. Them that honour Him He will honour. Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not. Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

He that overcometh, I will write upon him the Name of My God, and Mine Own new Name.—REV. iii. 12, R.V.

(Continued from page 18).

What
is thy
name?

AGNES

The name AGNES is a very beautiful one. It means *Pure*. "And blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Amongst the famous men who had an Agnes for their mother may be mentioned Chaucer, Cranmer, George Buchanan, and Lord Clyde.

AGNES
RAYMUS

In the *Diary of a Highland Lady*, edited by Lady Strachey, there is a short but interesting description of an English servant girl, AGNES RAYMUS. "Pretty tidy Nancy. I remember her kitchen with its sanded floor, bright barred grate, and shelves loaded with glittering brass and pewter. But the room was the glory of Nancy's busy hands, where, too, she had her bird in its cage, her geraniums in the window, shaded from the summer's sun by a white muslin curtain daintily trimmed with a plaited frill. On Sabbaths we used to see Farmer Dugard and his wife going to the church at Thorley Tuford. Behind them came Nancy, of whom I remember only her rosy cheeks, and bright kind eyes, and that she held both her own book and her uncle's and an umbrella. They used to whisper that one of the miller's men liked attending Thorley church and so would meet the little party at the stile. Whether more came of this I cannot tell."

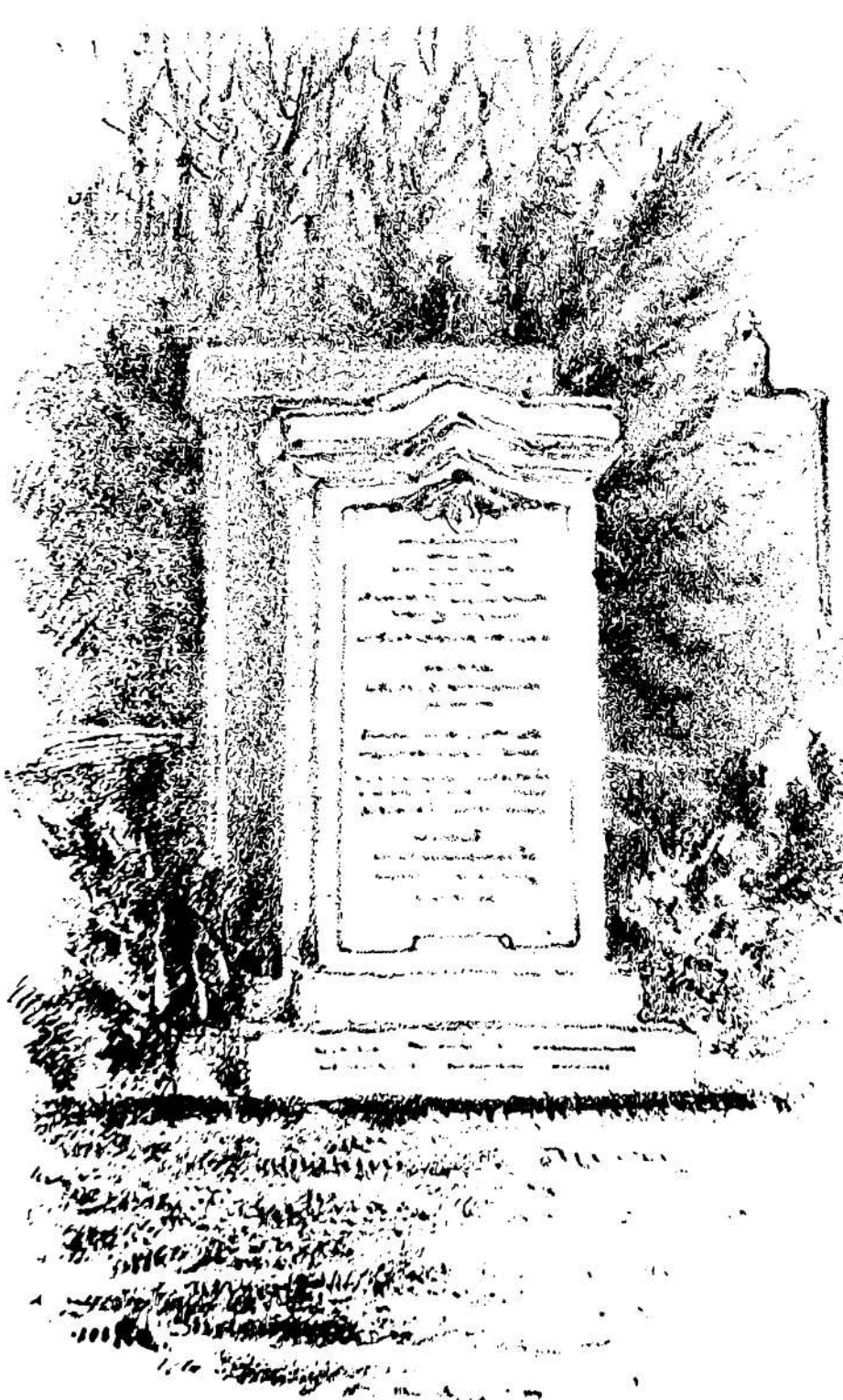
We may be sure that God was not displeased either with the young miller for going to the church for Nancy's sake, or with

What
is thy
name?

AGNES
RAYNUS

AGNES
LIVING-
STONE.

Nancy for liking all the more to go because she knew the miller would be waiting at the stile. From the beginning of the world God made men and women to be helpmeets to one another's salvation. "I taught Ephraim to go; I took them on my arms; but they knew not that I healed them. I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love."



David Livingstone's mother's maiden name was AGNES HUNTER. She was a delicate little woman with remarkably beautiful eyes; active, orderly, cleanly; calm, yet very cheery, and fond of telling stories of her youth, which means that she loved to remember all the way by which God had led her. She died somewhat suddenly, on the 18th of June, 1865, aged 82, after an illness which had confined her to her bed for several

What
is thy
name?

AGNES
LIVING-
STONE.

years. A few hours before her death; seeing the end was near, her daughter AGNES said to her, "The Saviour has come for you, mother. You can lippen (trust) yourself to Him?" "Oh, yes!" Her grandchild was held up to her to get her blessing. Giving her a loving look, she said, "Bonnie wee lassie," and these were her last words.

When her son was returning to Africa in 1856, she said she would like, if it were God's will, that one of her laddies should lay her head in the grave, but thinking that was hardly possible she had fixed on a godly man of her acquaintance to do that office for her. But God granted her her wish. Her famous son was one of the little company who carried her to Hamilton Churchyard, where she lies under a stone (sketched on the other side) that bears this inscription :

TO SHOW THE RESTING-PLACE OF
NEIL LIVINGSTONE,
AND AGNES HUNTER, HIS WIFE,
AND TO EXPRESS THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD
OF THEIR CHILDREN,
JOHN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES, AND AGNES,
FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

The first wages Livingstone ever got he put into his mother's lap. No boy that ever did that ever regretted it. In the April before she died Livingstone finished his book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*. His daughter AGNES had helped him to copy his manuscript, and when the last line was written, he cried for her to come, and putting the pen in her hand, made her write the word, FINIS. And every girl should remember that it is her duty and her honour to put the crown, the finishing touch, to the work of her father's and her mother's life. "May the Almighty qualify you," he wrote to this little girl afterwards, "to be a blessing to those around you wherever your lot is cast. I know that you hate all that is mean and false. May God make you good, and to delight in doing good to others."

AGNES
FOR-
SYTH.

John Welsh, 1570-1622, the famous minister of Ayr and son-in-law to John Knox, the man from whom Thomas Carlyle's wife was descended, was as a boy an ill-doing lad. After leaving school, if he can be said to have left that from which he was always running away, he joined himself to a band of thieves on the English Border, and stayed amongst them till he began to be in want. Then, coming to himself, like the prodigal, he arose and set out for his father's house, but, dreading his anger, he determined to make use of his aunt, Mrs. AGNES FORSYTH, as an intercessor. So, on his return homeward, he took Dumfries (where she lived) on his way, and stayed with her in hiding for some days. Meantime, by accident, that is, by Providence, his father came to see her. When they had talked a while, she asked him if he ever heard of his son John now. "O cruel woman," he said, "how can you name his name to me? The first news I expect to hear of him is that he is

What
is thy
name?

AGNES
FOR-
SYTH.

hanged for a thief." "Many a bad boy has become a good man," she answered. For a time the old man refused to be comforted, but at last he ventured to ask if she knew if he was still alive. "Yes," she said, "and I hope he will prove a better man than he was a boy," and with that she called out to him to come to his father. He came in weeping, and kneeling, besought him for Christ's sake to forgive him for all that he had done. His father reproached and threatened him, but at length yielded to his boy's tears and the aunt's importunities. The lad entreated his father to send him to College, and there to try his behaviour, agreeing that, if he should thereafter ever break wrong again, his father should disclaim him for ever. So his father carried him home, and sent him to Edinburgh University, where he became a diligent student and showed himself a true penitent, and so proceeded to the ministry. The story of his life you will find in part in the *Scots Worthies*, the rest of it, I hope, you will hear from his own lips hereafter. And of Mrs. Agnes Forsyth we may say, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

AGNES,
COUN-
TESS OF
DUNBAR

During a siege of six months in 1338, AGNES, COUNTESS OF DUNBAR AND MARCH, successfully defended the castle of Dunbar against the English, while her husband was fighting in the South. She was a grand-niece of King Robert the Bruce, and was called Black Agnes from her dark complexion. They say she used to mount the battlements and jeer at the besiegers, and sometimes she sent out her maids, gorgeously dressed, to wipe off with clean handkerchiefs the marks made on the towers by the stone and leaden bullets. She was then only six-and-twenty. She died in 1369.

The Conceited Hawthorn Tree.

THE hawthorn tree of which I wish to tell you was thirty years old and about twenty-one feet high. When it flowered in May, most passers-by stood still to look at it, and felt young again. The closer one came, the prettier it was; the red was then visible amongst the white. When the haws ripened later on they were so plump and juicy that boys, whose stomachs were too delicate for porridge, ate them till they became afraid; and what they left, the birds in hundreds took, with songs before and after.

In 1896 the tree surpassed itself. One has seen bushes in autumn that

appeared to be on fire, but this one, in the first week of June, under a blazing sun, seemed to be one mass of snow. It was photographed, not snap-shotted simply, but taken with pains and much manœuvring by men who came with three-legged stands. Even cyclists, whose time was fully occupied with counting the milestones that flew past, slowed and dismounted, and carried off a spray of blossom.

But all this was bad for the tree. It became proud and insolent; then, as its glory passed away, or rather changed, and admiration ceased, it grew discontented, and heedless of all else, longed only for the months

and seasons to fly away that another May and June might come and it be photographed again.

One day in November the farmer and one of his men walked round it and then stood regarding it. "Its roots are spreading all over the field, but there's no doubt it's a bonnie tree." That was all the farmer said, and the tree that afternoon had another outbreak of insolence.

Fifty yards off, on the north and east, there was a hedge that separated the field in which the thorn tree grew from a lane on the other side. It was this hedge that it first attacked.

"You must be nearly four feet high now," it cried out, as sneeringly as it could. "I shall not be able to look over you or see what passes down the lane, if you go on for a few years as you are doing. Yet, now that I think of it, it strikes me you were even bigger than you are when I first came here thirty years ago. Excuse me for saying it, but it must be very dreadful, surely, to be so little, to feel that you are, if I may use such a phrase without offence, a miserable little stunted dwarf. And then you never have any blossoms on you, or berries. Do you know, I'm really sorry for you, and I have half an idea that the farmer was telling his man to-day that he thought you would need more than a simple pruning this year, that you would need to be cut down to the very roots. I heard him say 'roots' distinctly. But maybe he is going to root you up altogether, and indeed I have often wondered—I like to speak honestly and say what I think—but I *have*

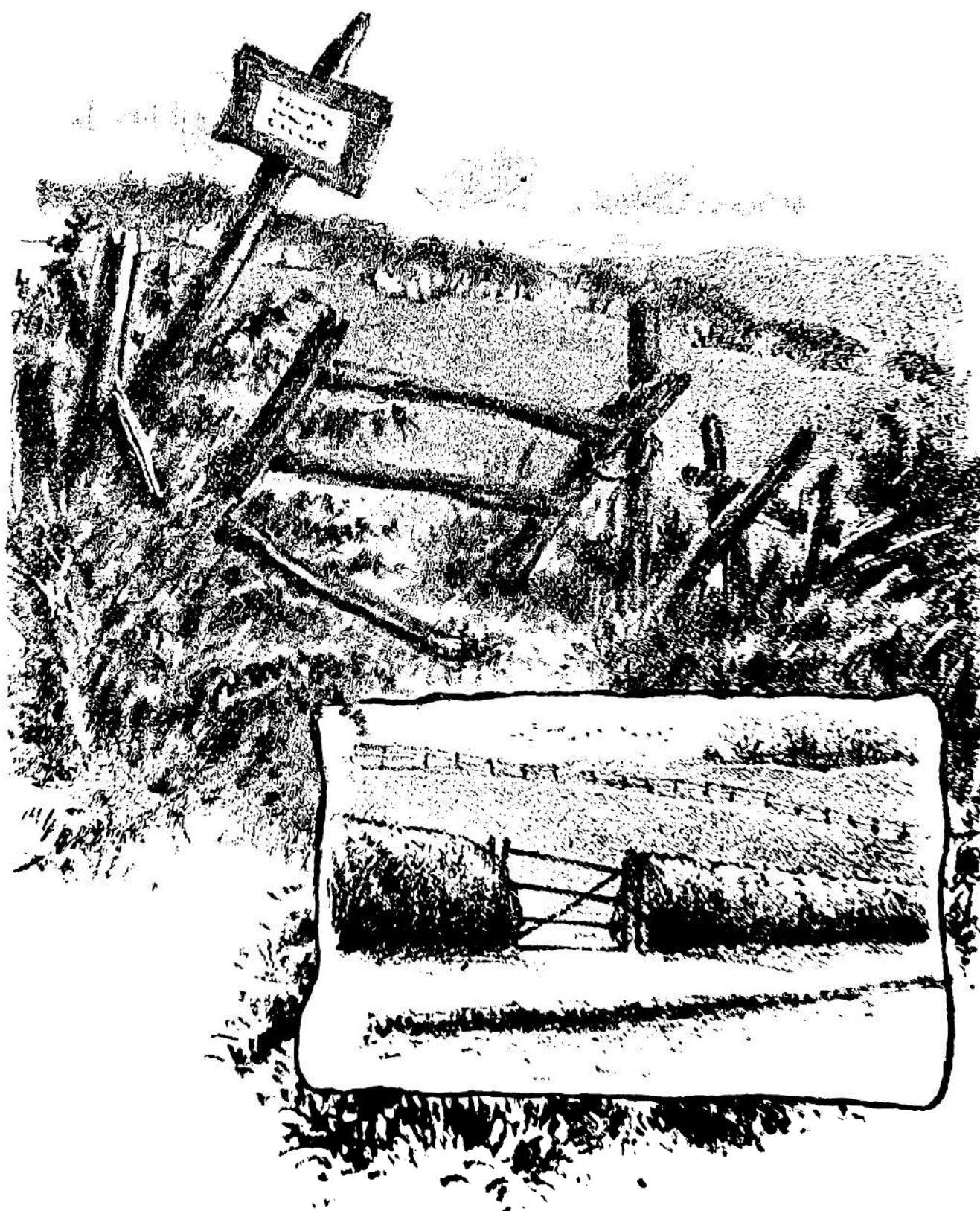
wondered what was the good of you. You don't seem to me to be of any kind of use, and you hedges do take up a deal of room."

All this of course was very painful to the hedge, especially the bit about the blossom and the berries. For the hedge was made up of thorn trees, of the very same species as the tree that taunted it. It was over ninety years since the farmer's grandfather had got five hundred little thorn plants from England. In the nursery there they grew straight up and down, but to their astonishment, when they were brought to their new home in Scotland, they were laid flat on the ground, like boys lying crosswise on their beds with their heads lying over the edge—for so Cromwell's men taught us to do when they introduced hedges into Scotland two hundred and fifty years ago. The plants were then covered with nine or ten inches of earth, their heads being left sticking out at the side two inches or so. Then, as it is the nature of all things to grow upwards, the heads of the plants, instead of growing straight out, took a turn at right angles. That is why the root of a hedge is twisted and rounded, as if it had been intended for a shinty or a hockey stick. The plants didn't like it at the time, but they saw afterwards that it kept their roots in the fine warm earth close to the surface. For three years they grew almost untouched, with only a wayward wilful shoot cut off here and there. But every winter ever after, the hedge was pruned, and sometimes, when it grew too thick and broad, first one



side would be stripped, cut almost into the wood, and then the other in the following year. But with every spring there came a tremendous longing into the bushes' veins. They felt there was something in them that would come out if it got the

chance. Once only was that longing gratified. Two little sprays had blossomed, and the whole hedge quivered with delight. One of them a little girl broke off and carried home. The other was spared to bear a score or two of haws, and the



bushes never felt prouder than they did that day when the bird that ate them whistled thanks. That was in 1826, and the experience had never been repeated, but the memory of it filled every tree in the hedge with yearly hope and thankfulness. That which had happened once *might* happen twice. At any rate, it had happened *once*; it had been granted to it to prove itself an undoubted hawthorn tree, and that past joy no one could take from it.

When the big tree had ceased its taunting, one of the hedge trees answered meekly: "There is no denying we are little, very, very little, but it is our Master's hand that has made us so. We show no blossoms and we bear no berries, but only because it is not permitted us. If sometimes we have envied you your glorious liberty, we have always rejoiced in your honour and your beauty. You and we are alike thorn trees; your joy is ours; and long, long may you flourish. You have made many happy, but we too have had a work to do for God and man. And there have been some that have seen in us the same Good Will that they have seen in you. Night and day, for fourscore years and ten, we have watched, we have guarded this field with its golden grain, and all that grew in it for the use of man; and when the cattle grazed in it, we have kept them from straying to their loss, and have sheltered them from biting wind and rain. We cannot hope to see many more years now, but this was the lot God meant for us, and in it we stand, and stand contented, till

the end of our days."

* * * *

Two hours later, as he was crossing a field on his way home after giving orders that the big tree should be cut down and its roots torn up and cleared away next day, the farmer spied a city friend coming to visit him. They met close to an old broken-down bit of paling. "Would you believe that this is only four years old?" he said. "It was new white pine when I put it up, and now it is quite done, and I have patched and patched at it till I am ashamed. I wish I had put up a barbed wire fence at the beginning. There's nothing like it for cattle. You see they like to trespass; give them all Scotland to-day, and they will be wishing Ireland to-morrow. If they once break through any kind of fence, they keep trying and trying till they find another weak spot. But the barbed wire jags them, and they get afraid of it."

"But," said his friend, "isn't it a cruel kind of thing? And doesn't it tear people's clothes?"

"Maybe it does," was the answer, "but people have no right to put their clothes there. If they do, they must take the consequences. But it is cattle and not people we farmers are thinking of when we put up that kind of wire. And as for its being cruel, why, we are only doing what God did when He made thorn trees. There would have been no thorns in the world if there had been no sin, but there would be far more sin and sorrow now if the thorns were

done away with. Look at that hedge down there. It is worse than any barbed wire you ever saw! It is the strongest fence within thirty miles, and it is a pretty sight in summer. I prune and clean it of weeds and deadwood every year. It was my grandfather that planted it six-and-ninety years ago, and I see no reason, if it is taken care of, why it should not last well into another century!"

—•••—
THERE was a man in Helensburgh some years ago, who must have been a relative, I think, of Bunyan's *Little-Faith*, the man who looked as white as a clout when the three thieves, Faintheart, Mistrust, and Guilt set on him. He had to go on legal business to Dublin one December, and the thought of it made him miserable for weeks before. When the day came—he had slept none the previous night—he was early astir. The sky was blue and the sea like glass. But his barometer was down to 28, and the weather forecast in the newspaper was, "Wind freshening; squalls; south-westerly gales." There was something, too, about a V-shaped depression which he did not understand, but felt all the more. As the afternoon wore on and it grew dark, he could see the lighted buoy in the frith through his telescope disappearing every few seconds as it did when the sea was rough. There was no wind, it is true, but that terrified him most of all. He had read somewhere of a swell of the sea that sometimes preceded storms; and this must be

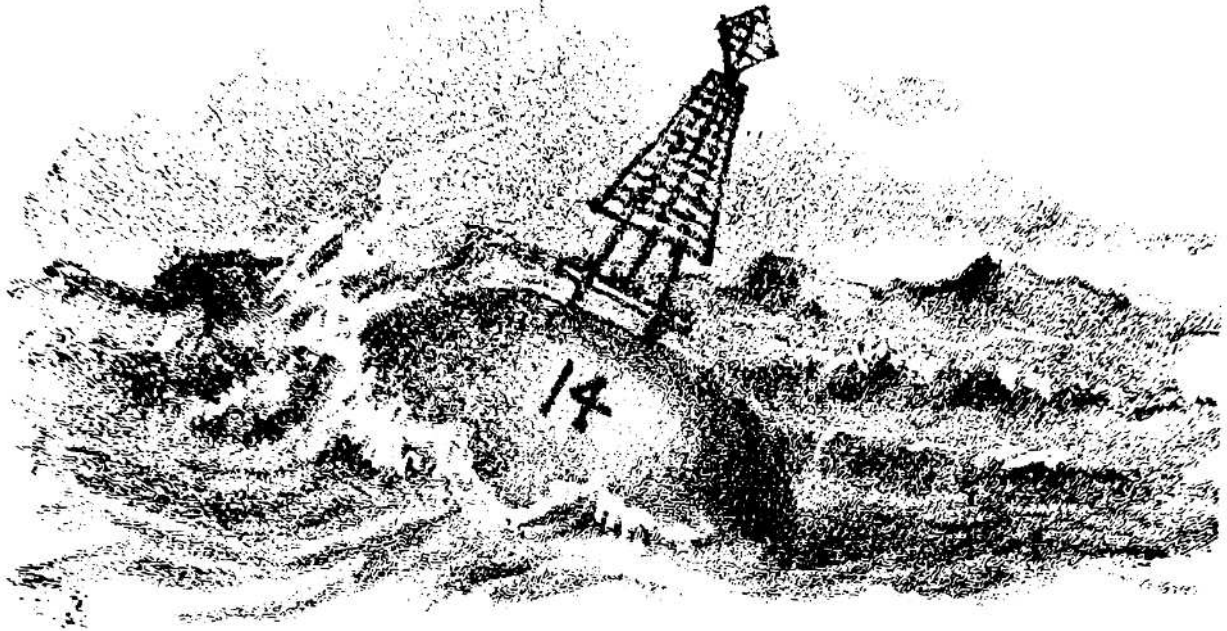
it; and it would be no common storm either.

Crossing to Greenock, he went on board the *Duke of Leinster*, went to his cabin, and lay down in a cold sweat. The last words he heard that night were those uttered by one of the passengers—"I'm afraid it is going to be a dead calm," and he was shocked at their impiety. The surge of a passing steamer made the ship heave as it lay against the quay. What would the storm not do when they were down channel!

It was a fearful night. Our friend slept; but he passed through a succession of nightmares that would have weakened a braver man.

He slept well on into morning. Then, when he went on deck, he found it had been the finest passage that any of the crew had ever seen in a winter month. And as for the passengers, they were all in raptures over the night's experiences. A famous British General and his aide-de-camp had enlivened the smoking-room—though neither of them smoked—with stories. And then when eleven struck, a famous astronomer who was on board had told all who cared to listen to him the names of all the stars and constellations!

When he reached home three days after, he found his aneroid barometer still at 28. It had been at that ever since his little boy had let it fall five days before. The floating buoy, he next discovered, had been changed from a fixed to an intermittent light by the Clyde Trustees, and that was why the light had seemed to disappear that night



in the trough of the sea. And as for the weather forecast, with the freshening winds and south-westerly gales, he had chanced to take up by mistake a newspaper four weeks old that had never been opened up or read!

And that is just the way many people go through life, missing through their sinful fears many a gracious sight and many a rich experience, grieving the Holy Spirit, and vexing themselves in vain.

He being dead yet speaketh.

—*Heb. 11, 4.*

WHEN the late Robert Louis Stevenson's father, a famous lighthouse engineer, was buried in 1887, the following words were read to the company gathered

round his grave in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh:

"17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh.

"May I be allowed to say very humbly—God knows how humbly—that, believing in Christ, I confidently trust I shall not be disowned by Him when the last trumpet shall sound.

"My good friends! I hope our friendship is not ended, but only for a time interrupted, and that we may all meet again in that better land which has been prepared for us by our Father and our Saviour, the blessed passport to which has been freely offered to all. Amen.

THOMAS STEVENSON.

"This I desire to be read at my funeral."

1	W	He that guardeth his mouth keepeth his life.— <i>Prov. 13, 3.</i>
2	TH	He that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.
3	F	A fool's mouth.— <i>Prov. 18, 7.</i> "All our other features are made for us, but a man makes his own mouth."— <i>O. W. Holmes.</i> "I believe he is a good man," said the doctor, "for he breathes through his nose instead of through his mouth; and that's the one thing to be sure of in a man; it is my one discovery in five-and-thirty years of practice!" . . . Tommy fell asleep with his mouth open. For he never could have stood the doctor's test of a man. In the painting of him, aged twenty-four, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, his lips meet firmly, but no one knew, save himself, how he gasped after each sitting.— <i>Mr. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy.</i> Carlyle, speaking of Daniel Webster, noted "his mastiff-mouth, accurately closed."
4	S	O Lord, keep the door of my lips.— <i>Psalms 141, 3.</i>
5	S	Let the words of my mouth be acceptable in Thy sight.— <i>Psalms 19, 14.</i> Archbishop Whately wrote that verse on the fly-leaf of his first note book.
6	M	A fool multiplieth words.— <i>Eccl. 10, 14, R. V.</i>
7	TU	He that spareth his words hath knowledge.— <i>Prov. 17, 27, R. V.</i>
8	W	Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise.
9	TH	Let thy foot be seldom in thy neighbour's house;
10	F	Lest he be weary of thee, and hate thee.— <i>Prov. 25, 17, R. V.</i>
11	S	Shame shall be the promotion of fools.— <i>Prov. 3, 35.</i> When Bismarck built his country house, he had a secret door made by which he could escape when he saw tiresome visitors coming. The door was named <i>Seuf-Pilsach</i> , after a well-known loquacious bore.
12	S	I am a stranger in the earth;
13	M	Hide not Thy commandments from me.— <i>Psalms 119, 19.</i>
14	TU	Taught of God.— <i>John 6, 45.</i> "So God made every person, place, and action, to be my teachers,"— <i>Autobiography of James Melville.</i>
15	W	He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.— <i>Prov. 13, 20.</i>
16	TH	Give attendance to reading.— <i>1 Tim. 4, 13.</i>
17	F	Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee:
18	S	Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee.— <i>Job 12, 7.</i>
19	S	The Lord hath been mindful of us.— <i>Psalms 115, 12.</i>
20	M	He will bless us. "Hope is the kiss of the future."— <i>Tennyson.</i>
21	TU	Thou didst make me hope.— <i>Psalms 22, 9.</i>
22	W	Not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off,
23	TH	They were persuaded of them, and embraced them.— <i>Heb. 11, 13.</i>
24	F	Yea, I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass;
25	S	I have purposed it, I will also do it.— <i>Isaiah 46, 11.</i>
26	S	I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do.— <i>John 17, 4.</i>
27	M	And gave to every man his work.— <i>Mark 13, 34.</i>
28	TU	And as thy days, so shall thy strength be.— <i>Deut. 33, 25.</i>
29	W	Work; for I am with you.— <i>Haggai 2, 4.</i>
30	TH	So we built the wall:
31	F	For the people had a mind to work.— <i>Neh. 4, 6.</i> Cavour, the great Italian statesman, said, "When I want a thing done quickly, I always go to a busy man. The unoccupied man never has any time."

April, 1899.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 4.



"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."—Genesis 8, 22.

AFTER the farmer has sown oats or barley or any other grain crop, he harrows the ground to level it and cover the seed. Then comes the roller to make the surface smooth by pressing down the stones that the harrow has turned up. The roller also makes the ground tight and firm, so as to exclude the heat and air, that the ground may keep the damp longer and not dry up too soon.

When land is to have hay cut off it, it is the better of being rolled some wet day in April or May. Then again, when hard clay land is preparing for turnips, it is apt, in very dry weather, to form into clods, and needs to be rolled again and again, that the soil may be well pulverised. That is done in May or early in June. So also, if oats has been sown on red land, and the ground is not to be ploughed up next year, rye grass and clover are also sown in the field from ten days to six weeks after the oats. The oats will be reaped in harvest, but the grasses, which have only taken root by that time, do not yield a crop till the following year. After the grass is sown, the ground is harrowed once more and then rolled again. The rolling solidifies the ground and gives the little seeds a hold near the surface. When the grain has come through the ground and the braird is four or five inches long, the roller, as it goes backwards and forwards over the field, gives it a beautiful ribbed look, as one stripe of the ribbon, so to

speak, looks a deeper green than the one beside it, which has been rolled the contrary way. A good workman tries to have all these stripes the same width from end to end. He makes it his aim, also, to avoid doing any of it a second time. The loss of a few inches every turn means so much needless labour; and rolling is hard work both for man and beast.

But of course the chief object in using the roller is to make the ground as smooth as possible, so that, when harvest comes, the knives of the mowing or reaping machine may get no injury. The farmer, you see, has no doubt that harvest will come, and so makes preparation for it from the day the seed is sown. And so should we in all we do. The promises of God are yea and amen, and we should not only see them afar off, and be persuaded of them, but actually embrace them even now.



WHEN the German Emperor visited Palestine lately, there had to be provided for him and those with him fourteen hundred and thirty riding horses, mules, and baggage animals, eight hundred muleteers, and two hundred and ninety waiters and attendants.

His table, which was covered with dishes of gold and silver sent from England, was spread daily for thirty-five persons. And every bit of that was needed to make him out an Emperor.

But when the King of Glory entered Jerusalem in triumph, He came, meek, and sitting upon an ass, a colt the foal of an ass.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

He that overcometh, I will write upon him the Name of My God, and Mine Own new Name.—REV. iii. 12, R.V.

(Continued from page 29.)

What
is thy
name?

AGNES

Monday, 21st June, 1630, was a great day in Scotland. It was the thanksgiving after communion in the Kirk of Shotts. Lady Culross and some companions had spent the previous night in prayer. Mr. John Livingstone, a famous Covenanting minister and a very learned man, had agreed to preach the sermon, but in the morning there came upon him such a sense of his unworthiness that he thought of stealing away and hiding. Thinking, however, that he dare not so mistrust God, he went into the pulpit and preached about an hour and a-half from Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26—"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." During the sermon, and after it, there was such an outpouring of the Holy Ghost that five hundred people were brought to Christ.

Mrs.
LIVING-
STONE.

Mr. Livingstone's mother's name was AGNES. "She was," he says in his Autobiography, "ane rare pattern of piety and meekness." She died in 1617, aged thirty-two, leaving three sons and four daughters. Mr. Livingstone himself had a large family, and as often happens, it was the youngest, Robert, who brought his parents the greatest joy and honour. Robert's descendants have played a very notable and worthy part in American history for over two hundred years. One of his nine children was one of the five men who signed the Declaration of American Independence on the 4th July, 1776. The names of the five were—Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert Livingstone of New-York.

Mrs.
POTTEN

There were several brave women of the name of AGNES in England during the Roman Catholic persecution in the time of Bloody Mary. There was Mrs. AGNES POTTEN, who was burnt in 1556, for denying that Christ was bodily present in the bread in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "He is ascended up into heaven," she said, "and is on the right hand of God, according to the Scriptures." At the stake she held up her hand as long as she could, pleading with the people to lay hold on the Word of God. There was also a Mrs. AGNES WARDALL, of Ipswich, who was marvellously delivered out of the hands of the priests. Once, while she was hiding in a cupboard, one of those who were searching for her said, "This is a fair cupboard, she may be here for ought we know." "That's true," said another, yet they looked no further. Again, while she was hiding in a ditch full of nettles, she would have been found out had not a simple honest plain man, called George Manning, who saw her, given a little cough, and so warned her to crouch a little lower. She had a godly husband who had to flee also, and serve as

Mrs.
WARD-
ALL.

What
is thy
name?

Mrs.
WARD-
ALL.

Mrs.
MATH.

a sailor, "a faculty," says an old historian, "not before of him frequented, nor he a man nimble for that trade, because God had given him an impediment by reason of a misshapen foot, unfit to climb to top and yard; yet so it pleased God to enable him with His strength, that he was strong and lusty to do good service, as they can well bear witness that were of his company."

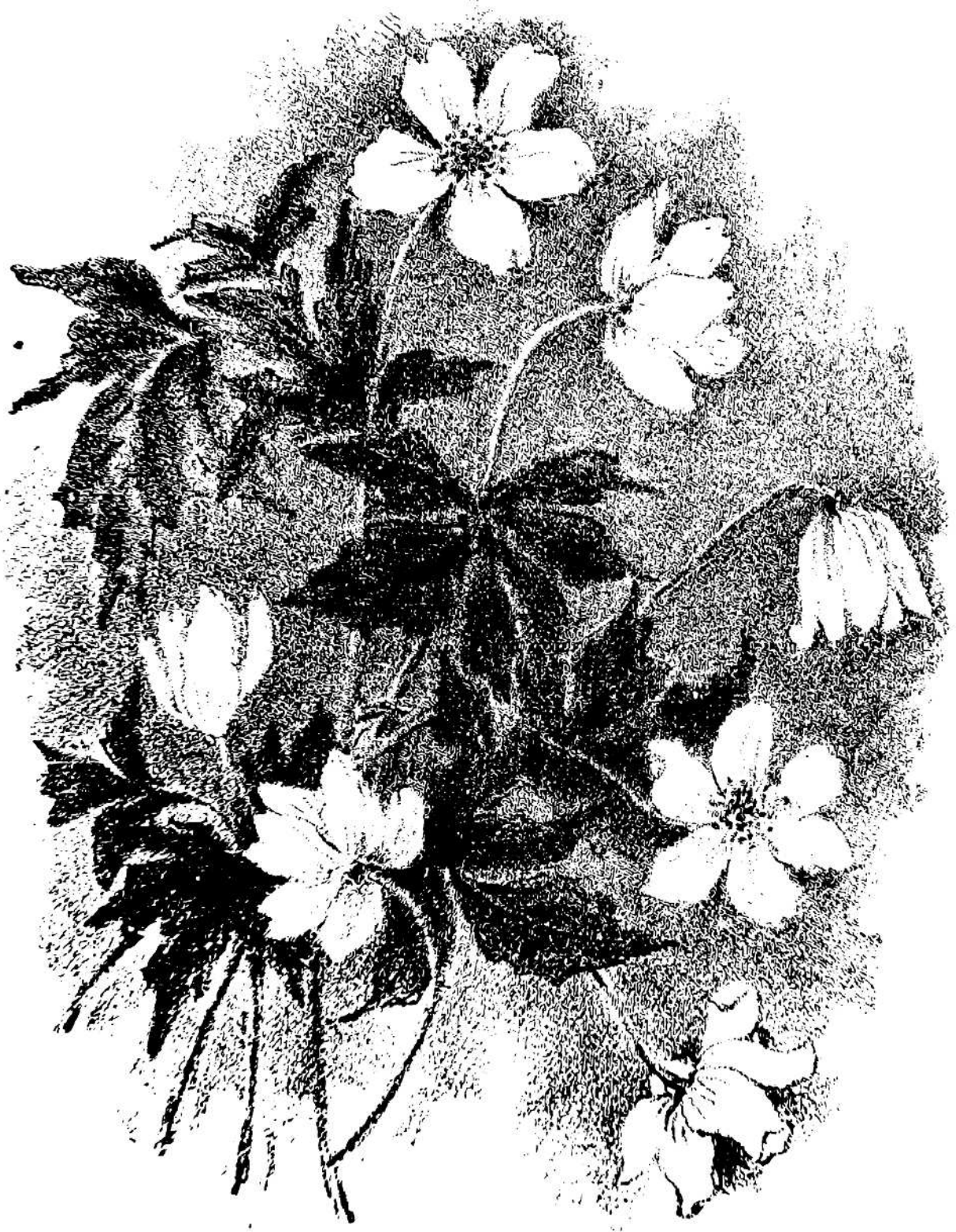
Mrs. AGNES M'MATH was one of Samuel Rutherford's friends. There is a beautiful letter of his to her extant, written on the death of her little son. "If our Lord hath taken away your child, your lease of him is expired. . . . A going-down star is not annihilated, but shall appear again. If he hath casten his bloom and flower, the bloom is fallen in heaven in Christ's lap. . . . The Lord Jesus, Who knoweth the turnings and windings that are in that black trance (passage) of death, hath numbered also the steps of the stair up to heaven; He knoweth how long the turnpike is, or how many pair of stairs high it is, for He ascended that way Himself. . . . Your afflictions cry: 1. O vain world! 2. O bitter sin! 3. O short and uncertain time! 4. O fair eternity! 5. O kingly and princely Bridegroom, hasten glory's marriage, shorten time's short-spun and soon-broken thread, and conquer sin! 6. O happy and blessed death, that golden bridge laid over by Christ my Lord, betwixt time's clay-banks and heaven's shore!"

Mrs.
GUTH-
RIE.

AGNES was the name both of the mother and of the wife of William Guthrie, the minister of Fenwick, who wrote that famous book, *The Christian's Great Interest*. Mr. Guthrie's mother was the wife of a Forfarshire laird, and a godly woman. Her son William was heir to the estate, but passed it over to a younger brother, in order that he might give himself wholly to the ministry. In 1645, when he was five-and-twenty, he married AGNES CAMPBELL, the daughter of an Ayrshire gentleman, a woman who is said to have been both beautiful and handsome, of good sense and good breeding, with a singular cheeriness of temper. She and her husband lived happily together till his death in 1665, having one faith and one hope, and with a consuming love to Christ. She could not have loved her husband more than she did; yet, from the very beginning of her married life, she was willing he should face any danger and submit to any loss rather than be untrue to God. One of her grand-daughters was the wife of Wodrow the historian.

Mrs.
WATT.

AGNES MUIRHEAD was the maiden name of the mother of James Watt, the engineer. Of her five children three died in childhood, and one was lost in one of his father's ships on a voyage to America. James was a sickly child, and she had much difficulty in rearing him. She was, as one described her, "a braw, braw woman," and, better still, a wise and capable housewife. On one occasion, according to tradition, one of her guests was struck with the fact that Mrs. Watt had two candles burning on the table. Other women, it would seem, would have been content with one; but a woman with such a son might well illuminate her house. She died suddenly in 1755, aged fifty-two. It is said that, three days before, she heard a voice calling on her to appear on the third day at the judgment seat of Christ.



Anemones.

Also called Windflowers. They are very common in woodland and mountain pasture in April and May. The flower is white, tinged with purple on the under or external side.

Rev. M. S. Murray.
of Peking.

A GOOD many years ago, on a winter afternoon, I was one of a group of students who were standing in the gateway of the Old College in Glasgow. Presently there passed down High Street a man who had only one arm, wheeling a barrow with a case on it full of Bibles for sale. He was an agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland, and we knew that he was attending the Latin and Greek classes in the morning. None of us spoke to him, or took any notice of him. But after he was past, one of the students said, "That's the kind of man that makes the University ridiculous." And the rest of us agreed with him. I suppose the student meant that the colporteur was older than the majority of his class-mates, and that he had not what was supposed to be the priceless advantage of a five years' classical course at either the High School or the Academy. May God forgive us! We didn't know what we were saying.

That colporteur had had a remarkable history, though none of us suspected it. He was the only son in a family of ten, and had lost his left arm, when he was nine years of age, in a saw-mill at Port Dundas, in which his father was employed. After leaving school he became one of the country post-men in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, getting two shillings a week less than others because he refused to work on the Sabbath day. The round he had to go was

a long one, but, as he afterwards told Mr. W. J. Slowan, the Secretary of the Bible Society, he had divided it into three parts. One third of the way he studied Hebrew; the second third he devoted to the Greek New Testament; while the remaining third he spent every day in prayer, asking God, if it were His will, to open up his way to engage in mission work. In 1863 he was accepted, with some hesitation, and not a little misgiving, as a colporteur. In the winter months he laboured in Glasgow, chiefly amongst sailors. In summer he pushed his Bible-cart through the Highlands. And that went on for seven years. It was during that time he attended college. His classes were over in the forenoon, and then he set out to sell Bibles in the streets till evening. Then, hurrying home, he studied for an hour or two till nine o'clock, when he went to bed. Every morning he rose at three to prepare for his classes. And that was the man we were too proud to speak to! The years that we had consumed in writing Latin prose in the style of Tacitus—for that was the latest Oxford craze—and in making Latin verses with the help of a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, he had spent in the mount with God, learning and teaching the secret of the Almighty.

In 1871 he was sent out to China, and since then his history and work have been every year more and more remarkable. By an invention that some would call a stroke of genius, and some an inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and some the due reward of



*Our Oct. Servant:
Mr. Murray*

years of loving toil in the service of His Master Christ, Mr. Murray has taught the blind in China to read—a marvellous thing when we consider that the Chinese have no alphabet, and that every single word in their language is represented by a pictorial symbol, which stands for that word, and for that word alone.*

In 1877, during a short visit to Peking, I came across Mr. Murray.

* For a fuller account of this wonderful man and his work, see Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming's book on the Rev. W. H. Murray of Peking. Free, by post, for One Shilling and Threepence, from Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington, St. John's House, Clerkenwell, London, E.C. It is a book that sends one to one's knees. Mr. Murray was ordained, after a short additional course of study in Edinburgh, in 1887, by the United Presbyterian Church.

again, and saw something of his work. One of the last glimpses I had of him was rather a curious one. The hotel at which I stayed was suddenly broken up, the proprietor, a German named Hinz, having urgent occasion for returning home. The sale of his furniture was attended by most of the few Europeans then resident in the Celestial City. One of the six-foot guards of the British Embassy acted as auctioneer. Amongst the articles put up was a chess-board, which was secured, after a little competition, by Mr. Murray. An English traveller, who was standing near me, whispered—"That's the way your missionaries spend their time and money." Three years ago, when Mr. Murray was home for a brief holiday, I met him one day in Glasgow, and asked him if he still had the chess-board he bought at Mr. Hinz's sale. The matter instantly came back to his recollection, and he smiled as I told him the story. Then he told me why he bought it. There was a Chinese gentleman, a scholar, who had given up his ancestral faith, and wished to know about God and Christ. But, like Nicodemus, he was afraid to be known as an enquirer. He liked to meet Mr. Murray, however, and often sought an opportunity of doing so, under pretence of having a game at draughts. It was to encourage his friendship, and to have occasions of talking about eternal things, that Mr. Murray had bought the chess-board, which was a very pretty one, as a present for his friend!

Reasons for not going to Church.—No. 2.



One of the lads in this football scrummage, whose legs only are visible, has given up going to church, because, he says, it is so crowded every Sabbath, and he hates being jammed in at the end of a seat where he can't get breath.

Crossing the Bar.

A BAR at the mouth of a river is either a bank formed by the mud which the river is continually bringing down, or a bank of sand or gravel hurled up by the action of the sea. Sometimes, as at Liverpool, the bar may be safely crossed by the deepest steamers at every tide. But there are other bars, such as that at Oporto, at the mouth of the Douro, which cannot be passed, even at high water, for days together, if the weather be at all stormy.

The name *Oporto* means *The Port*. From it we get the word *Port*

Wine, that is, *Oporto* Wine. The wine itself, so men say who live there, is largely made up of brandy or whisky which comes from our own country, and is then doctored up and coloured so as to deceive simple people, who imagine they are drinking the juice of grapes. It is a very ancient seaport. The Romans called it *Portus Calle*, that is the Harbour of Calle; whence the name Portugal.

A ship captain, to whom the readers of *The Morning Watch* have been more than once indebted, has told me of an experience he had there nearly forty years ago.

"I was in a little brig of 180 tons, called the *Runnimede*, owned by Messrs. Kerr & MacBride, of Greenock, that was engaged in the Newfoundland fish trade. The Newfoundland fisheries, as you know, are the greatest in the world. There are about 200,000 people in the island, and I suppose more than a fourth of them are employed either in catching or in curing fish. The chief fishing ground is the well-known *Banks*, where ships are so often detained by fog. These Banks, which are covered by water from 100 to 600 feet deep, extend over a tract 600 miles long and 200 broad. So plentiful are the cod that as many as five hundred have been caught by one man in ten hours, and though the Banks have been fished for nearly four hundred years, and a hundred and fifty millions are caught every year, the fish seem to be as plentiful as ever.

The smaller fish were pressed into casks of 128-lbs each, and went to Brazil. The larger were shipped, not in casks, but in bulk, and went to Spain and Portugal, where the people are great fish-eaters. The passage on the occasion I am speaking of was a very fast one. We had been only ten days out when we were signalled off the bar. Our cargo might be worth about two thousand pounds, and was, of course, to a certain extent, perishable. There have been times when the authorities, after ships had come into port, refused to let them discharge their cargoes, and the ships had just to go out to sea and throw them overboard.

It was the month of April, and the signal was given us to "stand off" as the bar could not be approached. This was rather a damper to us after making such a fine passage. We knew that there were several vessels that were to leave shortly after us, and it was provoking to think that they might land their cargoes as soon as we, and so the first would be last and the last first. However, there was no help for it, and we had to stand the vessel off, that is to say, we had to keep tacking about, off and on, all night. We came in again next day and signalled, and got the same reply. And that continued for thirteen days, until the crew were quite exhausted, for during all this time the weather was rough. On the thirteenth day, when we signalled, we were told to wait for a couple of hours and come in again, and a pilot would be waiting for us outside. We were all very glad to get the news, especially as none of the other ships had turned up. Thirteen days was bad enough, but I have heard of ships that were kept tacking and rolling about off that same bar for a full month, with their port in sight almost all the time; and hope deferred does make the heart sick. There was, further, the constant fear that the wind might blow too hard, and there is nothing a sailor dreads so much as the chance of being driven on a lee shore.

When we came near the bar the pilot came on board. The sea was still running very high, and he was doubtful about trying it. After consulting with the captain, how-

ever, he determined to proceed. Two steersmen were lashed at the wheel. The pilot himself went half-way up the main-rigging to direct the course of the ship, while the rest of the crew betook themselves to those parts of the deck where they thought they would be safest. Otherwise, if a sea broke over the ship, there was a risk of their being hurt or even washed overboard. It took us in all from fifteen to twenty minutes, with a good smart breeze, to get over the worst part of the bar. And as it was, when we were about half-way across, two heavy seas did break over us, but happily without damage. We got over all right into beautiful smooth water, and in a moment or two were in quite a different climate.

Had the ship sheered to one side or the other when the seas struck her, she would have gone broadside on, and ship and all hands in all likelihood would have been lost. The pilot, I must say, seemed the most anxious man on board. He knew the danger better than we did. Many a gallant ship had perished there with all its crew. There is another danger to which ships are exposed in crossing a bar in rough weather. If the sea were smooth, there might be twenty feet of water, say ; but if it is lashed by storm, the water might be seven-and-twenty feet deep at the crest of the wave, and only thirteen at the hollow, and a ship that drew fifteen feet, descending such a wave, might get a deadly shock."

This is why, from the days of Donald Cargill the Covenanter, and

long before his time too, I imagine, down to the poet Tennyson, "Crossing the Bar" has been a favourite emblem of the soul's last hours. When the perils of life's voyage are ending, Satan comes, having great wrath, because he knoweth he hath but a short time. When we are well and strong, we can do something for ourselves ; but when heart and flesh faint and fail, we have to leave everything to God. But if we are His, when that time comes all shall be well. When we pass through the waters, they shall not overflow us. Neither height, nor depth, nor things to come, any more than things present, shall be able to separate us from His love. There may be pain for a moment or two, or a month or two, but with the pain there will be given all needed grace, and then, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall pass into glory !

"We got a good price," the captain continues, "for the first half of our cargo, but, two days after, in came another ship, and as we got a better offer from Lisbon for the remainder, we set sail for that port. They have, or had then, a bar there too. We got in easily, but were detained a week in coming out. Our cargo on the return voyage was salt, of which a large quantity is used in Newfoundland for curing purposes. This salt was extremely fine and dry, and so liable to shift that it had to be well secured by shifting-boards."

Doesn't it seem odd that men should have to build ships to carry fishes across the sea? Yet so it is that God fulfils His purposes. He

wishes all men to be brethren, and therefore He makes them all beholden to each other. The sea, that separates nations, unites them again by producing at one end a harvest that is needed at the other.



For this child I prayed. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.
—1 Sam. 1, 27.

ABOVE the door of the old Grammar School of Dunfermline was the Latin prayer—

FAVE · MIHI · MI · DEUS · 1625
Favour me, O my God.

Over the west window was a motto for the teachers—

SEP.
DOCE · ET
CASTIGA · UT
VIVAT · PUER.

Often teach and whip that the boy may live.

Over the east window was a sentence for the scholars—

DISCE
ET · PATERE
SIC · TE · BEABIT
DEUS · TUUS.

Learn and suffer. Thus thy God shall bless thee.



"If ye hearken to these judgments, the Lord thy God will love thee, and bless thee; He will also bless the flocks of thy sheep.—Deut. 7, 12.

1	S	He That openeth, and no man shutteth.— <i>Rev. 3, 7.</i>
2	S	The boat was filling, And Jesus was in the stern asleep.
3	M	They awake Him. And He said, Why are ye fearful?— <i>Mark 4, 40 (R.V.)</i>
4	TU	O my God, my soul is cast down in me.— <i>Ps. 42, 6.</i>
5	W	I laid me down and slept; I awaked: the Lord sustained me.— <i>Ps. 3, 5.</i>
6	TH	It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late:
7	F	For so He giveth His beloved sleep.— <i>Ps. 127, 2.</i> When the wife of Frederick-William IV., King of Prussia, brother of the late Emperor William, said her husband had not slept for three days from anxiety, Bismarck replied, "A king ought to be able to sleep."
8	S	Peter sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains.— <i>Acts 12, 6.</i>
9	S	O Lord God, Thou art my trust from my youth.
10	M	Forsake me not when my strength faileth.— <i>Ps. 71, 9.</i>
11	TU	Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head,
12	W	And honour the face of the old man.— <i>Lev. 19, 32.</i>
13	TH	Even to hoar hair will I carry you.— <i>Is. 46, 4.</i> Amongst the African exhibits at the Missionary Loan Exhibition in Glasgow last month was a piece of calico marked "4d., the price of a toothless old man."
14	F	Such an one as Paul the aged.— <i>Philemon 9.</i>
15	S	I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia, and Seba for thee.— <i>Is. 43, 3.</i>
16	S	Our debts.— <i>Matt. 6, 12.</i>
17	M	Let a man examine himself.— <i>1 Cor. 11, 28.</i> The late Dr. Dale of Birmingham said, "The Eleventh Commandment is, 'Thou shalt make a balance sheet.'"
18	TU	Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbour.— <i>Lev. 19, 13.</i> (Money debts.)
19	W	Our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children.— <i>Ps. 78, 3.</i> (Debts to our ancestors and our successors.)
20	TH	I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians.— <i>Rom. 1, 14.</i> (Duties we owe to all men; it is our duty to send them the gospel.)
21	F	Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God.— <i>Ps. 76, 11.</i>
22	S	I forgave thee all that debt because thou desiredst Me.— <i>Matt. 18, 32.</i>
23	S	The trees shall sing out at the presence of the Lord.— <i>1 Chron. 16, 33.</i>
24	M	God made every tree to grow.— <i>Gen. 2, 9.</i>
25	TU	Behold all the trees.— <i>Luke 21, 29.</i>
26	W	When they shoot forth, ye know that summer is nigh.
27	TH	The trees were made sure unto Abraham.— <i>Gen. 23, 17.</i> "Till you have seen trees putting on their new clothes with the birds, you have seen nothing of woodland scenery. It is the glory of God. We saw a mile of firs thirty years old. It was like the nebula of Orion."— <i>Sir George Airy the Astronomer, writing to Dr. Perowne.</i>
28	F	The trees of the Lord are full of sap.— <i>Ps. 104, 16.</i>
29	S	Jesus Whom they slew and hanged on a tree.— <i>Acts 10, 39.</i> What thoughts must have passed through the mind of the Three Persons of the Godhead as They watched the tree growing of whose wood Christ's Cross was to be made!
30	S	Alleluia; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.— <i>Rev. 19, 6.</i> These were the first words uttered by Lord Elgin, Governor-General of India, when the doctor told him he was dying, November, 1863.

May, 1899.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.

Selfishness.



"No, no! Do you think I have nothing to do but to go and hunt for bones for you?"

On the Writing of Letters.

Nevertheless God, That comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus.
—2 Cor. 7, 6.

“GLAD to get your friendly letter,” the late James Smetham once wrote to a correspondent; “it was like the coming of Titus. I think Providence in these days often sends Titus by post.” That is beautifully said. The pen is mightier than the sword, and a boy with a pen in his hand may be more than a conqueror. I heard a man say recently that when he felt discouraged because he had no say in the world and was never heard of half-a-mile from home, it cheered him to know that, for a penny, he could make some friend in India happy! The man who can do that has power, power both with God and man, if he use it rightly. Have you ever noticed how many books in the Bible were originally Epistles, that is, Letters?

Young people, when they sit down to write a letter, don’t know what to say. “The way to learn to tie up parcels is just—to tie up parcels.” So the way to learn to write letters is—to write letters. You learn by practice.

Most men who write to friends abroad, or at home too, for that matter, spend the first three pages in apologising for not writing sooner. And well they may! On the last page they tell their friend something that he read for himself in the papers months ago, and then they close by saying they have no

news, “hoping you are well. Write soon.” Tell your friend the things that are not in the newspapers—the hundred little things that go to make up life. Details have been called the gold-dust of correspondence. What details to write you may learn by a little thought, or better still, by remembering what you yourselves have longed to hear when you have been from home. I have seen a letter from a child, in which he said he “rose this morning at seven o’clock and put on his clothes.” That is a good beginning, and if he goes on, he will improve.

I knew a boy who went on a trip to America who found letter-writing the chief drawback to his pleasure. Besides his parents he had a grandmother and several brothers and sisters. His letters, after the address and date, ran thus: “My dear Father and Mother, my dear Grandmother, and my dear”—here followed the names of his brothers and sisters, in large letters and wide lines, in the fullest detail—“I arrived here last night quite well. I start for Chicago”—or whatever the place might be—“to-morrow. My dear”—here his brothers and sisters were named again—“I have not seen any presents worth getting for you yet. I hope you are all well. I am, my dear Father and Mother, my dear Grandmother”—and so on as before—“Your very loving and very affectionate,” &c., &c. That filled up four pages nicely!

Mr. Smetham has also said that “the slit of a post-office letter-box

is as tragic as the jaws of death." And that is true: true of the letter-boxes in our own house-doors as well. I have heard a man say that he once got such bad news in a letter that, to this day, though a great bit of his life has passed since then, he cannot put his hand into his letter-box without recalling the agony of that hour.

I retain
The very last word which I said that day,

As you the creaking of the door, years past,
Which let upon you such disabling news
You ever after have been graver.

Pray God that if ever you have to send bad news you may do it with such a becoming tenderness and sympathy that you will ever after be remembered, not as the messenger of evil tidings, but as a son of consolation.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

He that overcometh, I will write upon him the Name of My God, and Mine Own new Name.—REV. iii. 12, R.V.

(Continued from page 40.)

What
is thy
name?

The name ALICE, which is said to mean *noble*, though rare in Scotland, is the third or fourth commonest in England.

ALICE

It is an ALICE that is the heroine of Tennyson's *May Queen*—

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May,

Some of you will remember how, ten months after, as she lay a-dying, she blessed her old minister:

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him That died for me.

Mrs.
ALICE
DRIVER

MRS. ALICE DRIVER, a godly farmer's wife, who was captured while hiding amongst some hay, the constables having probed it with pitchforks, had her ears cut off for having likened Bloody Mary, Queen of England, to Jezebel. Being further tried for denying that the bread used at the Lord's Supper was turned by the priest into the very body of Christ, she was condemned to death, and suffered accordingly at Ipswich on Monday, 4th November, 1588, at seven in the morning. She and one Alexander Gouch, who was to suffer with her, while singing psalms and praying, were repeatedly interrupted by Sir Henry Dowell the Sheriff, in spite of their entreaties to be allowed to pray for a little while as they had but a little time to live. When they were fastened to the stake, and the iron collar was put round Mrs. Driver's neck, "Oh!" said she, "here is a goodly neckerchief; blessed be God for it."

What
is thy
name?

Lady
BACON

The great Francis Bacon's wife was ALICE BARNHAM, the daughter of Benedict Barnham, a London alderman. Her mother is described as a "violent little woman." They were married on the 10th of May, after a three years' engagement. I am sorry I cannot describe the bride's dress; it is said she was covered with cloth of silver and ornaments of gold. The bridegroom, though no one will take any interest in him, wore a suit of purple Genoese velvet. In Scotland, one is ashamed to say, marriages in May are very rare. The fitting day, when people get their houses, is the 28th of the month, and that makes it an impossible time for some. But many, who are not troubled by that difficulty, will marry on the last day of April, or wait till the first of June, but marry in May they will not, owing to a superstition that May marriages are "unlucky." To yield to such a thought is not only foolish, but most sinful. It, so to speak, dethrones God for one month in the year, and is nothing less than an act of blasphemy. I hope all Scotch girls who read this, if it be God's will to give them husbands, will marry in May if they possibly can, and help to take away this great reproach from our land.

The Farmer's Monument.

THERE had always been several scare-crows on the Uplands Farm, but what they were for, no crow could make out. In the one in the illustration they recognised both the coat and the hat. They had seen Uplands himself—for so the farmer was called, as was the custom in that countryside, after his farm—wearing them both to kirk and market. But why they were put on poles and left out in the open field night and day, for months together, the poor crows could not understand. At first they thought they were put out to dry after being wet, but



why then were they not taken in after they were dried? One crow hinted that they might be put out to *bleach*, and was unmercifully chaffed for his suggestion ever after. Wet or dry, every time he came in they would say to him—"Been out bleaching, eh?"

After a time they gave it up as a hopeless puzzle.

Now there was one crow that used to go away for days now and again prospecting, and examining the country and especially the trees and plantations. Everytime it came back it had some strange story to tell. On one of these occasions it had found its way either to Glasgow or Edinburgh. It couldn't tell which it was, but I think it must have been Glasgow, for it took days of constant bathing to get the soot out of its eyes and ears and feathers generally. On its return, after a wash and a meal, it said, "I know what it is now."

"What *what* is?" said the others.

"That thing up in the field. It's a monument, that's what it is!"

"But what's a monument?" the others all cried out.

"Well, you see, I was away, away in a big, big town, and one day I saw a great lot of things, like men and women, standing high up on the top of big stones, some with their hats on, and some with them off, and some of them walking, and some of them riding on horses. Only they were made of stone or iron, hard, hard, for I pecked at them with my bill one night when nobody was looking. On the day after that, I foregathered with a very

clever impudent jackdaw. I had a bone with more meat on it than I could eat myself—for you never saw such extravagant people as are in that town—and I let him have as much as he wished. Then I said to him, "Clever as you are, I don't believe you could tell me what these things are in the big square!"

"Oh, but I can!" he said; "they are the monuments of famous people. That woman riding is a Queen, and that man with a sword was a great fighter, and that man with a hat in his hand was a great speaker—I slept in his hat one night and thought of building my nest in it, but I was afraid it would get full of water—and that man with a plough and a little mouse was a ploughman. I know every one of the monuments."

"But you don't know what the monuments are for?" I said.

"Yes, I do. They are put up to let people see what like they were, and what they were good at, and to keep them from being forgotten."

"Right you are," I said, for I saw at once he was speaking true, and I had got all I wanted.

"But how is that thing in the field a monument?" the crows all asked.

"Don't you see," was the answer, "it's the monument of the farmer? You know how he comes home every Friday night after the market is over, and every time he has been in the big garden that is all full of big stones." (That was the cemetery the crow was referring to.) "You have seen him all covered with mud, and his hat pushed down

on his head and crumpled, and his face looking so bad and foolish. Haven't we seen him lying on the roadside, and sometimes in the ditch, for hours? Well, that thing in the field is his monument, which he has put up to show people what like he is, and what he is proud of doing, don't you see?"

"But," said one of the crows, "he surely can't be proud of being like what he is when he is lying on his back in the mud?"

"Then why does he make himself like that if he isn't proud of it? Answer me that question!"

Boys that have got Something still to learn.

NO. I.—*The Boy who keeps his hands always in his pockets.*

THERE are some people who say that a boy should not keep his hands in his pockets under any circumstances. But I think that is going too far. There is a time for most things. But the mistake this boy is making is this: he has his hands in his pockets when he is speaking to a lady. You can tell she is a lady by her shadow.

A boy's arms and hands are given him to *use*; they are meant for *action* either in work or in play. The more he asks them to do, the more they will do. When they are weary they deserve a rest; but not till then.

When a boy is standing in presence of a lady or any person older than himself, he ought to be ready, and to show that he is ready, for action,

willing and eager to serve, prepared to go, or come, or do, in a moment, as he is bid, just as the Angels do in heaven. A boy in the presence of his superior should always, as it were, stand at attention!

In a book recently published, *A Middy's Recollections*, Rear-Admiral the Hon. V. A. Montagu tells how he was once reprov'd for a breach of this rule on board ship. He happened on one occasion, when he was a boy entering on his teens, to be the midshipman of the watch on board a man-of-war. It was a bitterly cold day, and, as was the custom when a ship was under canvas, he had to walk on the lee side of the ship. Unfortunately the main-trysail was set—a big sail which runs fore and aft, that is, not crosswise but lengthwise of the ship. It is a very draughty sail, sending all its winds bang down one's neck from one end of the quarter-deck to another. The poor little middy felt perishing with cold, and in a thoughtless moment put his fingers into his pockets to keep them warm. The other, or weather side of the ship, was the sheltered side, and no doubt the captain, Sir Lewis Tobias Jones, a very stern officer but a most capable and lovable man, did not realise how cold the boy must be. But that anyone on duty should have his hands in his pockets, especially on such a sacred spot as the quarter-deck of a man-of-war—a region so sacred that every sailor has to salute it every morning when he steps on to it for the first time—was more than the captain could stand. He



called the boy up to him, and said in a loud voice, "Pray, sir, who allowed you to keep your hands in your pockets on the quarter-deck? Go down immediately to the tailor"—that was the ship's tailor, who was sitting with his mate or assistant between two guns at the after end of the main-deck, sewing clothes—"and tell him from me to sew up your pockets; and report to

me, sir, when he has done so."

"I felt deeply disgraced," the Admiral goes on to say, "and knowing that my only chance of redeeming my character was to appear on deck sewn up as soon as possible, I urged the tailor to 'bear a hand.' It was but the work of an instant. The tailor, seeing the situation, dropped his work and sewed me up in no time. When I

reached the deck with my report ready, almost trembling, for I expected to be sent to the mast-head for some hours or to have my leave stopped at the next port we reached, Captain Jones's stern manner had disappeared, and in a most fatherly voice he said, 'Now, my boy, this is a lesson to you. Do not do it again. Go to the tailor and tell him to unsew you again.'"

I have heard a man say that you could tell a man's character, or at least a good bit of it, by examining his pockets. And of course that stands to reason, just as one can tell what kind of shop one is in by looking round at the things that are for sale in it. If a man has a pipe and a matchbox and a tobacco pouch in his pocket, it demands no great expenditure of thought to infer that he is probably a man who smokes. But if one found these, or any one of them, or a cigarette, in a *boy's* pocket, there is, alas! a great deal more than that that one could infer with certainty, and not to the boy's honour!

But the state of one's pockets, especially after one is grown up, shows, for example, whether one is cleanly and orderly or not. To a boy his pockets are at once a trunk, a portmanteau, a library, an old curiosity shop, a marine store, and a "free coup," a castle of which he keeps the key, in which he stores, and if need be, hides all the treasures and rubbish he owns or has picked up anywhere, from a slate pencil to a dead robin. To a boy, therefore, much may be forgiven. But to a man his pockets are his tool chest,

containing, in addition to the things that specially belong to his calling, such as his foot-rule if he be a joiner, all other such things as a wise man moving about in the world is likely to need, a piece of good string, a watch not more than five minutes fast, a pencil and a piece of paper, "bird-lime to catch ideas with," as Mr. Lowell called it. But one's pockets should often be examined and cleaned out. Otherwise, considering that most men have at least ten in every suit they have, and other five if they wear an overcoat, there will be loss and confusion, and disorder and untidiness; and cleanliness will be impossible.

If I may give one other piece of advice, it would be this—No boy should carry money in his pockets unless he be going on an errand for his mother or his master. Or if some money be allowed him, it should be not more than one ha'penny, and he should tell his mother how he spends it, and she should see that he spends it wisely. And, of course, I hope that no boy who reads these words will ever have a whisky bottle, or a flask of any kind, in his pocket so long as he lives, either at home or abroad, whether he be at his work or on pleasure bent. Carry nothing with you at any time that you would be ashamed to show to Christ at His coming.

And remember that every pocket we have will be searched and emptied by others some day; and there will be no pockets in our shrouds. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.



Reasons for not going to Church.—No. 3.

1st Doll: "Oh, dear! there's that fluttering at my heart again! Isn't it strange that it always comes on on Saturday evenings and lasts till Monday?"

2nd Doll: "It's just the same with my toothache! It begins every Sabbath morning immediately after breakfast, and doesn't go away till about tea-time, and I never have it on any other day of the week!"

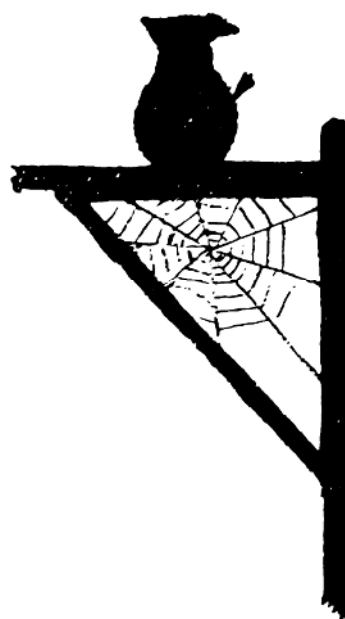
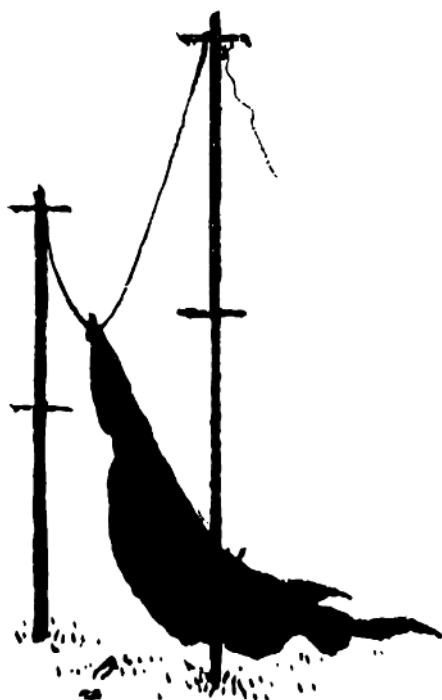
The Ballad of Susie Kay.

" See where you've left the duster !
That's no place for the broom !
You're always leaving something
Behind you in the room."

It was little Susie's mother
That spoke to Susie Kay,
And what she said that morning
She was saying every day.

" You must sweep out every corner,
And under every chair,
And see there are no cobwebs
Or crumbs left anywhere.

*" And, Susie, lift the duster !
And put away the broom !
And finish off, once you begin
To tidy up the room !"*



But Susie would be careless,
And careless would she be ;
At work or play, 'twas all the same,
Nothing done perfectly !

Something was always wanting
To what she had, or did :
Some dish without a cover,
Some pot without a lid ;

A door without a handle,
A drawer without a key,
A stone of sugar in the house,
But not an ounce of tea.

And well she set the table,
But ne'er without some fault :
A fork or spoon forgotten,
No butter, or no salt.

Pincushions she had many,
But not a single pin,
Yet, if she darned a stocking,
She left the needle in.

One boot lace always broken,
Some button off, or loose,
And lost, of things that went in pairs,
What one was most in use.

Her thimbles went amissing,
The scissors would not cut,
The blinds were rolled uneven,
The shutters would not shut.

"A letter did you wish to write?"
"There's paper and there's ink."
But every window rattles so
One need not try to think.

When one at last has fixed them up,
And bent each twisted snib,
"Here's paper, and here's ink, but please,
Where can I get a nib?"

O she was good at baking
Plain scones or richest pies!
But the scones—they had no soda,
And the pastry wouldn't rise.

And in the water, when she washed,
She always left the soap,
And when the clothes were dried,
ne'er dreamt
Of bringing in the rope.

And thus it was through all her life,
And careless still was she,
As careless in her dying hour
As in her infancy.



Untidy girls make slattern wives,
Worse mothers still they be;
They break their husbands' hearts and
leave
A godless progeny.

*So, my lassie, lift the duster!
And put away the broom!
And finish off, once you begin
To tidy up the room!*

1	M	When Israel was a child, then I loved him.— <i>Hos. 11, 1.</i> O joy for the promise of May, of May, O joy for the promise of May.— <i>Tennyson.</i>
2	TU	Ye were running well.— <i>Gal. 5, 7 (R. V).</i>
3	W	Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God.— <i>Mark 12, 34.</i>
4	TH	Ye turned aside quickly.— <i>Deut. 9, 16.</i>
5	F	O Judah, your goodness is as the early dew.— <i>Hos. 6, 4.</i> O grief for the promise of May, of May, O grief for the promise of May.
6	S	Thou hast destroyed thyself; but in Me is thine help.— <i>Hos. 13, 9.</i>
7	S	For your sakes He became poor.— <i>2 Cor. 8, 9.</i>
8	M	The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.— <i>Luke 9, 58.</i>
9	TU	Jesus was hungry.— <i>Mark 11, 12.</i>
10	W	I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat.
11	TH	Inasmuch.— <i>Matt. 25, 40.</i> "I gave something lately to an old woman in Worcester. She took it silently, paused, and then said, with a simple sweet solemnity, 'Inasmuch!'"— <i>Frances R. Havergal, 1860.</i>
12	F	Be pitiful,
13	S	Be courteous.— <i>1 Pet. 3, 8.</i> William, Earl of Bessborough, who died in 1793, once let two shillings fall into the gutter which he was giving to a poor widow with two children, who was in great distress, but was remarkably clean. He stooped down and picked them up, and then wiped them with his handkerchief before he handed them to her.— <i>Nollekens and His Times.</i>
14	S	Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone :
15	M	Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host,
16	TU	The earth, and all things that are therein,
17	W	The seas, ("A young lady's collection of sea-weeds showed me my eyes had been idle."— <i>Prof. Fleeming-Jenkins.</i>)
18	TH	And all that is therein.— <i>Neh. 9, 6.</i>
19	F	Jesus sat by the sea side.— <i>Matt. 13, 1.</i>
20	S	The Lord of hosts is excellent in working.— <i>Isaiah 28, 29.</i>
21	S	The ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them,
22	M	To search out a resting place for them.— <i>Num. 10, 33.</i>
23	TU	The Spirit suffered them not to go into Bithynia.— <i>Acts 16, 7.</i>
24	W	Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, This is the way.— <i>Is. 30, 21.</i>
25	TH	He leadeth me.— <i>Psa. 23, 2.</i>
26	F	And He went in to tarry with them.— <i>Luke 24, 29.</i>
27	S	I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.— <i>Gen. 28, 15.</i> "In all his removes Dr. Whitgift was like the ark, which left a blessing upon the place where it rested."— <i>Izaak Walton.</i>
28	S	I will hear what God the Lord will speak.— <i>Psa. 85, 8.</i>
29	M	Thy testimonies are my counsellors.— <i>Psa. 119, 24.</i>
30	TU	Thy word have I hid in mine heart.— <i>Psa. 119, 11.</i>
31	W	The word of the Lord was precious in those days.— <i>1 Sam. 3, 1.</i> When Charles II. began to favour Romanism, many persons in England, fearing that no more Bibles would be printed, wrote out copies with their own hands. Daniel Defoe, the author of <i>Robinson Crusoe</i> , tells us that he himself when a boy "worked like a horse till he had written out the whole Pentateuch, when he grew so tired that he was willing to risk the rest!"

June, 1899.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.



Reasons for not going to Church—No. 4.

The man in the Illustration on the previous page went in, first man, in the first innings of the Match, on a perfect wicket, and batted for an hour and fifty minutes for seven runs; and he does not go to Church, because he finds it "so awfully slow and wearisome."

And the wicket-keeper does not go, because "looking up at the minister in the pulpit hurts his back and neck."

The Game of Cricket.

YOU have all heard of Hugh Latimer, the Protestant Bishop who was burned at Oxford in 1555, the man who said to his companion in the fire, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." Preaching before the King on one occasion he said, "My father had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He kept me to school, and was as diligent to teach me to shoot with the bow as to learn me any other thing." And elsewhere he says, "As I increased in years, so were my bows made bigger and bigger. It is a godly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic. But dicing (that is, gambling) is abominable."

I hope none of you will imagine that I wish to say one word against cricket. It is a noble game, as noble every whit as archery. It trains the eye beyond all other games; it uses and strengthens every muscle in the body, arms, shoulders, legs; it braces the nerves; it makes us study character; it disciplines the temper; it knits the players' hearts to one another: it is a school for

all the virtues; and it shows at once the gentleman. I wish that every boy who reads these words was a clever bowler, a patient merry batter, and, above all, a smart and willing fielder. For the cricketers in the illustration I have a great respect. It takes no little pluck to make the man behind the wickets stand up so close to them when a fast bowler is put on, and it takes more than pluck to make a batsman stop any kind of bowling for an hour and fifty minutes. Only, I think, he should have hit out a little more! The ball, at least in certain stages of the game, is meant for hitting, not for stopping only.

But I am really sorry that both lads should know so little and think so little of God as not to care to go to His House on His own day to praise and bless Him, and ask Him for all they need both for themselves and others. They may not be aware of it, but it is to God they owe all their cricketing strength and skill. If the devil had *his* way with them they would never play another game. In the New Testament you may read what Satan does when he gets possession of a man. "There met Jesus out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no

man could bind him, no, not with chains: neither could any man tame him. And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones."

There is one other thing I wish to say. You know that when a match is going to be played, the first thing the captains do is to toss for the choice of innings. Now, our forefathers used to say, and I think rightly, that tossing, or "drawing cuts," or casting lots in any shape or form, is a direct appeal to God, and ought never to be resorted to unless in most solemn circumstances, such as are recorded in the

Bible, when decisions of tremendous moment must be come to instantly, and we have neither the power to make them ourselves nor the knowledge to guide us. But even if that view of the case were wrong, would it not be a far kinder, and more gentlemanly, and more rational way of settling the matter if we were always to give the visitors or the strangers their choice? They would do the same to us in turn, and if not, why, let them have the choice again, and we shall not play any the worse for having tried in honour to prefer one another, and to keep a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward man.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

He that overcometh, I will write upon him the Name of My God, and Mine Own new Name.—REV. iii. 12, R.V.

(Continued from page 52.)

What
is thy
name?

ALICE

ALICE is the name of one of the Ladies-in-Waiting in Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, a beautiful singer and player on the lute, but very little in stature, who, on being told that the Queen's husband, the bad Philip of Spain, had been talking about her and her littleness, answers in these words:

Does he think low stature is low nature?

ALICE
FELL.

ALICE FELL was the name of a little girl whose cloak was destroyed by being caught by the wheel of a chaise in which the poet Wordsworth was driving. But the accident secured for her not only a lift as far as Durham in the conveyance, but a lift into fame as well. And next day little Alice was in Wonderland!

Up to the landlord's door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffel grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she, the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

What
is thy
name?

Lady
ALICE
EGERTON.

There is another little ALICE whose misadventure not only gave her herself a name and place in history, but enriched the world. When she was thirteen years of age, LADY ALICE EGERTON, daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, and her two brothers were benighted, and lost their way, while travelling through a wood in Herefordshire. The brothers, having left their sister alone in an attempt to explore their path, were unable to find their way back to her. For some hours she was exposed to considerable danger, being at the mercy of lawless men, who at that time infested the neighbourhood. Happily all ended well, and it was to add to the rejoicings with which her father and mother celebrated her safe return that Milton wrote the *Mask*, or little play, which he called *Comus*. In it, under the form of an allegory, the poet shows how the Angels have charge over every pure and godly maiden, and how by the strength of God any girl, however young and helpless, may baffle and overcome the most cunning and most cruel temptations of men and devils.

This I hold firm :

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd ;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil.

* * * If this fail,

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

ALICE
COBERLEY.

In April, 1556, three Protestants were burned at Salisbury—John Spicer, mason ; William Coberley, tailor ; and John Maundrel, farmer. This last always carried his New Testament with him though he could not read, in the hope of meeting some one who could. When he was offered a pardon at the stake if he would recant, he said, "Not for all Salisbury." Spicer's last words were, "This is the joyfulest day I ever saw." Coberley never murmured though his flesh was burnt to the very bone, while his life was still whole in him. When his wife, ALICE, was in prison for the same cause, the jailor's wife, a Mrs. Agnes Penicote, having secretly heated a key fire-hot and laid it in the grass, called on her to fetch the key in all haste. Which doing, "the said Alice did piteously burn her hand ; whereupon she cried out. 'Ah,' quoth the other, 'thou that canst not abide the burning of the key, how wilt thou be able to abide burning thy whole body?'" Then poor Alice recanted, forgetting, let us hope only for a time, how

God made the fierce fire seem
To the three children like a pleasant dew ;
forgetting also, that if she called on Him, God would either
Beat down the fury of the flame,
Or give her saintly strength to undergo.

Mrs.
JOHN
RICHARD
GREEN.

MRS. JOHN RICHARD GREEN, the wife of the great historian, whose maiden name was MISS ALICE STOPFORD, has won for herself a

What
is thy
name?

Mrs.
J. R.
GREEN.

double place in the annals of our country, first by her own scholarship, and secondly by the help she gave her husband while he lived, and the devotion with which she has served him since he died. It is well known that, during Mr. Green's illness, she wrote to his dictation till she lost for a time the power of her right hand, and then she learned to write with her left. In my student days I was tutor in a country house in Fifeshire at which Miss Stopford, then in her girlhood, visited. I still remember, with great delight, the kindness and courage with which, at the discussions that made each meal a feast, she came to the help of every weak and failing cause, and the merry wit and wisdom by which she invariably won the day, and won it so pleasantly that the very vanquished shared the spoils.

PRIN-
CESS
ALICE.

THE PRINCESS ALICE was the second daughter of the Queen. She was married when she was nineteen, and died, Grand-Duchess of Hesse, when she was thirty-five. It is not easy to know the truth about persons of royal birth while they are living. There is a little ring of courtiers and flatterers round about them, and outside it there is another and a crueller ring made up of slanderers and envious detractors. But when princes are in their graves we get nearer them. The circles alike of flatterers and slanderers, having no more that they can do, have passed away to fawn on, or to strike at, their successors. The Princess Alice, to judge by the volume of her letters published after her death, seems to have been a good woman, in the highest sense of the word. For a time, during her early married life, led away by German philosophy, she lost her faith in God, but the conversation of a Scotch gentleman at court, and above all, the death of her little boy, who was killed by falling from a window, almost in her very sight, brought her back to Christ. Towards the end of 1878 her husband and four of her children took diphtheria. One of them, her daughter May, died. Then, worn out with nursing them, she herself sickened and passed away on the seventeenth anniversary of her father's death. Her last conscious words were: "Now I shall go to sleep again." Just as she was dying she was heard to murmur: "From Friday to Saturday—four weeks—May—dear Papa."

Boys who have Something still to Learn.

*No. 2.—The Boy who takes the
wrong side of the stair.*

THIS is old Mrs. Macindoe who is coming down stairs, and I am very sorry for her. Her baking this forenoon was unusually successful, too good for a lonely woman to

eat all by herself, and she is now on her way, or at least she thinks she is, with a little parcel of cakes for a poor woman of her acquaintance who keeps a mangle, which keeps her and her five hungry little children.

Now, it so happened that, rent time being nigh at hand, Mrs. Macindoe had £3 5s. in her

possession, and that was far too much to leave in her house with so many beggars and thieves going about. So she took the money out of the little tin box which she kept in a soup tureen on the top of the kitchen shelf. (The tureen was a present her mother got on her marriage day, the 25th of May, 1811, from a Miss Hislop, who died under the impression that she was in the poorhouse, leaving £30,000, to a nephew, who died under the same impression — only, unhappily, *his* impression was a right one—ten years after. But this is a digression.) Then she took up her parcel, locked the door, and only remembered when she was on the street that she had left her rent lying in its little bag on the table. So she had to turn back and painfully climb up the three stairs that led to her attic. Being out of breath, she took a drink of water, and locked her door a second time. At the stair foot it suddenly occurred to her that she had left the pipe running, and being a conscientious woman, she went back to make sure, and found the pipe all right. "Oh but I'm a stupid body!" she said, adding, "but not so stupid either, for it would have been worse if I had left the water on." She is now almost at the foot of the stair for the third time, with a vague notion that there is something else that she has forgotten. I do hope that, before she has gone very far, her Angel will remind her of the *cakes*. I have half an idea that when she returns for them to her house for the third time, she will

put one or two more into the parcel, and so feel that her extra toil has been fully justified.

Now turn we to little Alec Ferguson. I think it is too bad of him to keep the broad side of the step and make that poor old woman take the narrow end. He did the same to me three weeks ago, and then I was so taken up with reading the name on the ribbon of his hat, "H. M. S. GENEROUS," that he had gone several steps past me before I called him back, and told him that whether coming up or going down he should always give an older person, or a younger person, the easier and the safer side. His mother, I believe, told him afterwards to tell me, or any other who interfered with him again, "to mind his own business" — which was precisely what I was doing. I am told that once in our Town Hall — it was when Dr. Dallinger lectured on *Spiders* — Mrs. Ferguson, who had had five tickets presented to her, ordered her children to keep their seats when she saw an old white-headed man, who was standing, look wistfully in their direction. When he had stood an hour, a little boy near them, who then noticed the old man for the first time, rose up and made room for him. The Ferguson children thought the boy a fool, but when they saw the old man insist on giving the boy a sixpence for being a little gentleman, they changed their minds and blamed their mother, and were whipped for saying what they thought when they reached home, and sent



A Boy who has Something still to Learn.



crying off to bed. The next meeting they were at they surrendered their seats quite needlessly to some elderly ladies, and making nothing by it, not even getting thanks, proved that the way of transgressors is hard.

What little Alec needs is another mother, but as that is out of the question, it were well if he could have some power of imagination given him.

When people are young they gird themselves, and go whither they will. They can't rest. They have more energy than they know what to do with. They fret when told it is time to go to bed. If there are two roads to any place, a low road and a high one, a broad and easy one, or a narrow difficult one, it is the latter they prefer. If there be only one road, they will invent another, and the harder it is they will be the better pleased. Look at Jim Blaikie there, climbing the

big gate, though the little one is wide open. His mother will have an hour's mending to-night when he gets home, and indeed it will be a mercy if he doesn't slip and find himself impaled. But, whether or not, he will be back again to-morrow, and all his playmates with him, and not one of them will dare to call himself a boy at all till like Jim he has gathered a crop of tears for his mother to sew. And who can blame them?

I find youth's dreams are but the
flutterings
Of those strong wings, whereon the
soul shall soar
In after-time to win a starry throne.

With old people it is very different. The little strength they have they husband carefully, for they have none to spare. You may sometimes see an old man passing your window; you notice that he always walks on the same side. He gets

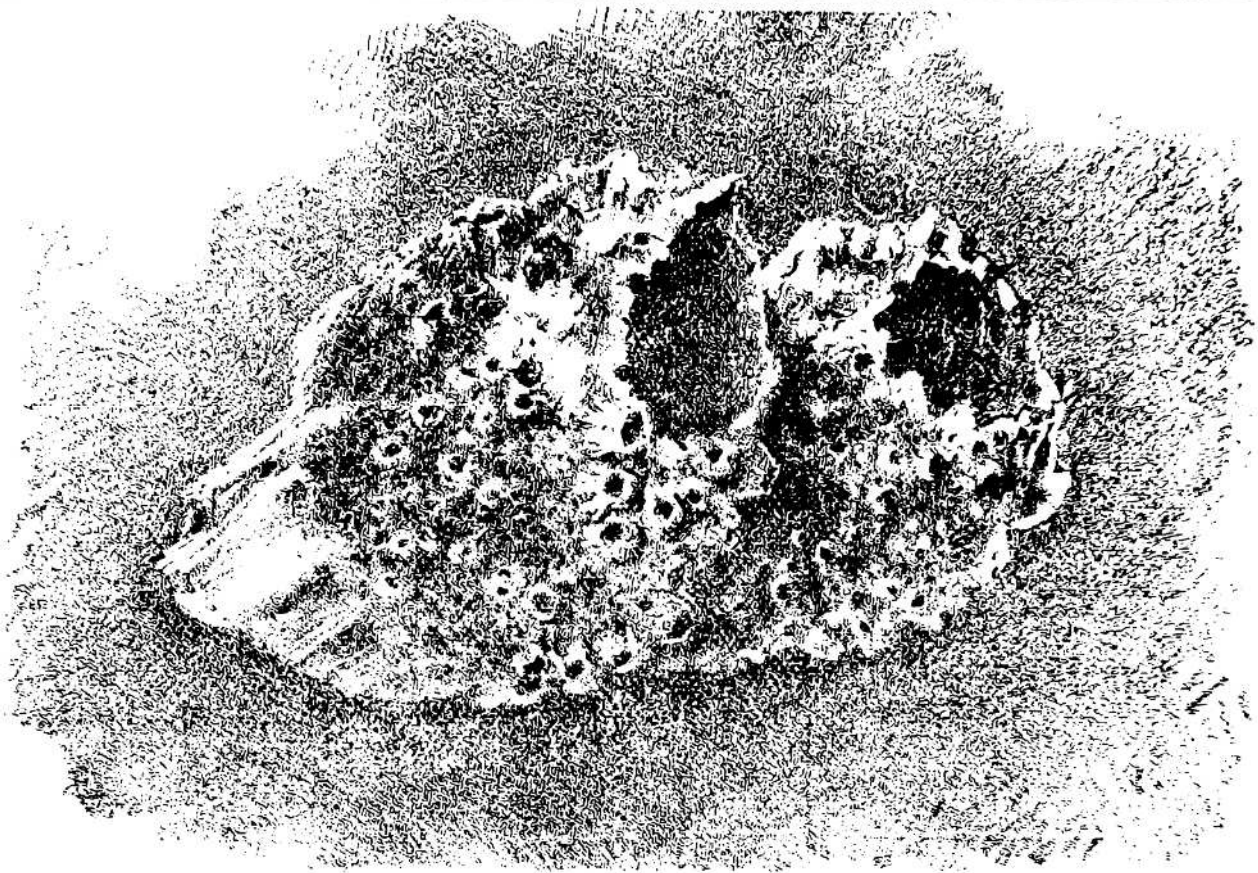
the sun there, and, besides, he has one street fewer to cross on that side, and the steps from the pavement are only four inches high. On the other side they are seven. And that is a big difference to him. You laugh at his timid hesitating walk. That is what you yourselves will come to, soon enough, if God spare you. They shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way.

When you travel by train, if you are an eminent Christian, you will not keep the best corner to yourself, all the time, in *any* circumstances; but if you are simply an average one, you will at least always give it up if there be present a child of tender years that wishes to look out at the window, and you will be specially careful to see that its fingers are not caught in the opening of the door, remembering what you yourself have suffered. And you will also give it up if there be

either an old man or an old woman in the carriage, not simply saying, "Would you not like to have this corner, Sir?" but rather rising and saying as kindly as possible, "I think, Ma'am, you would find this seat much more comfortable than that one." Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord.

And further, if you meet any one anywhere, old or young, strong or weak, carrying a heavy load on his head, or on his back, or in his arms, always make way for such an one, and do not delay him one moment. That person is neither a lady nor a gentleman who does not "respect the burden." Try to be like Christ, and make everybody's yoke as easy as you can. With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.






THESE curious looking things are not the craters of extinct volcanoes on the surface of the moon, but the shells of two barnacles taken from the bottom of a ship in a Greenock dock. The shells themselves are a little larger than the drawing. The creatures that lived in them, which have long waving legs for kicking their food into their mouths, have, of course, been taken out. Ships, in the days when they were made of wood, had to be put into a big dry dock, just as a little boat is hauled up on the beach, to be examined at least every three years. The bottom of the ship was covered with thin sheets of yellow metal, a compound of copper and zinc. The object of this was to keep worms from boring into the wood. When the metal

was torn, or worn out, it was stripped off, then the seams of the planks underneath were caulked, that is, stuffed with oakum, pitched, covered with felt such as we see put on a house roof, and then, over all was put the metal sheathing. The verdigris that was formed on the copper kept barnacles from attaching themselves to it, or killed them when they were very little, if they did. Now, however, that ships are made of steel or iron, they are covered with barnacles, particularly in warm seas. These impede the ship's motion not only by their great weight, but by reason of their rough and ragged edges. A ship captain tells me that once, when sailing from the Philippine Islands in a ship of 1,500 tons, he found her not sailing as she should have done.

The weather being calm, he put a stage over the side, and found the ship covered with barnacles, fore and aft, from the water's edge as far down as could be seen. The calm weather continuing, they set to work and scraped them off, as far as they could reach, with scrapers fastened to long poles. Two or three days after doing this, they found a fresh coating of barnacles a quarter of an inch thick. In fact, they seemed to grow as quickly as they were taken off. The ship's speed was only about a half of what it should have been. Instead of twelve knots an hour, she was only doing seven. Calling at St. Helena for orders—it was a sugar cargo—they tried to scrub the ship with mats laced on rollers, but the barnacles were so large and thick that a mat lasted only two hours. Four days of this greatly improved their sailing, as they found on their way to Pernambuco. The sea at the anchorage in the outer roads being heavy, they could do little there. But on coming to Philadelphia they secured the use of the dock for three days for \$1,100. Here they found the bottom of the ship one mass of barnacles, about as large as oyster shells in circumference, and from two-and-a-half to three inches deep. The owners of the dock told the captain that, had they known the state of affairs beforehand, they would have charged \$200 more, as it would take all that to clear the place when they were gone.

A sailor is always eager to reach port, and why God lets the bar-

nacles keep back the ship I do not know. Every barnacle, every thing that lives and moves in the sea, however useless it appears to us, has a life to live and a work to do. And if not one of them is forgotten before God, much less will He forget sailors made in His own image. For a sailor is worth many barnacles.

—  —
Are there not twelve hours in the day?—
John 11, 9.

OUR defence of ourselves always is that we have not time. Allow me to speak out, and to tell you and all men the simple truth in this matter. It is all nonsense. And worse than that, it is dishonest and demoralising nonsense. We have plenty of time. We have plenty of time for all our work, did we husband our time, and hoard it up aright; did we take it fresh and full and sufficient every morning from our great Taskmaster's hand; and did we return it up into His hand every night with a truthful account of it. There is nothing so pliable and so elastic and so responsive as time. Put much into your time; and you can always to the end of time put as much more as you like. Put nothing, and there is time for nothing. We cannot look seriously into one another's faces and say it is want of time. It is want of intention. It is want of determination. It is want of method. It is want of motive. It is want of conscience. It is want of heart. It is the want of anything and everything but time.—*Dr. Alex. Whyte, Edinburgh.*

1	TH	They, measuring themselves by themselves, are not wise.— <i>2 Cor. 10, 12.</i> C. R. Leslie, R.A., Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy from 1848 to 1851, never hung any of his own pictures on his walls, considering it "bad for an artist to feed his eye with his own works."
2	F	Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit?
3	S	There is more hope of a fool than of him.— <i>Prov. 26, 12.</i>
4	S	The Lord shall be for a crown of beauty unto His people.— <i>Is. 28, 5.</i>
5	M	Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord.— <i>Is. 62, 3.</i>
6	TU	Study to show thyself approved unto God.
7	W	A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 15.</i>
8	TH	An inheritance incorruptible,— <i>1 Pet. 1, 4.</i>
9	F	And undefiled,
10	S	And that fadeth not away. "When our medals were presented to us, with the bit of blue and yellow ribbon, after our return from our fruitless expedition to the Baltic during the Crimean war, many of us felt we had not deserved them: and the trinkets were kept in hiding."— <i>A Middy's Recollections, by Rear-Admiral the Hon. V. A. Montagu.</i>
11	S	I see the heavens opened.— <i>Acts 7, 56.</i> When Patrick Simpson, one of the Scottish Reformers, was dying in 1618, some friends came to visit him, "whom he hardly could discern, for his eyes were dimmed—and no marvel, for they were well occupied."
12	M	My sin is ever before me.— <i>Ps. 51, 3.</i>
13	TU	Thine eyes shall behold a far stretching land.— <i>Is. 33, 17.</i>
14	W	They saw no man, save Jesus only.— <i>Matt. 17, 8.</i>
15	TH	Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.— <i>Ps. 25, 15.</i>
16	F	As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness:
17	S	I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness.— <i>Ps. 17, 15.</i>
18	S	Jesus said, I have meat to eat that ye know not of.
19	M	My meat is to do the will of Him That sent Me,
20	TU	And to finish His work.— <i>John 4, 34.</i>
21	W	He gave to every man his work.— <i>Mark 13, 34.</i> Edward Thring, one of the greatest of English schoolmasters, 1821-1887, held that "Every boy can do something well." It was said that the stupidest boy who went out of Uppingham School knew and felt he had a mission in life.
22	TH	Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one.— <i>Matt. 25, 15.</i>
23	F	To every man according to his several ability.
24	S	After a long time the Lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.
25	S	A conscience void of offence toward God and men.— <i>Acts 24, 16.</i>
26	M	The wicked flee when no man pursueth.— <i>Prov. 28, 1.</i>
27	TU	The sound of a driven leaf shall chase them.— <i>Lev. 26, 36 (R. V.)</i>
28	W	There were they in great fear where no fear was.— <i>Ps. 53, 5.</i> "One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenter-hook caught his cloak. 'At whose suit?' said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him."— <i>Thomas Fuller.</i>
29	TH	The righteous are bold as a lion.— <i>Prov. 28, 1.</i>
30	F	If God be for us, who can be against us?— <i>Rom. 8, 31.</i>

July, 1899.

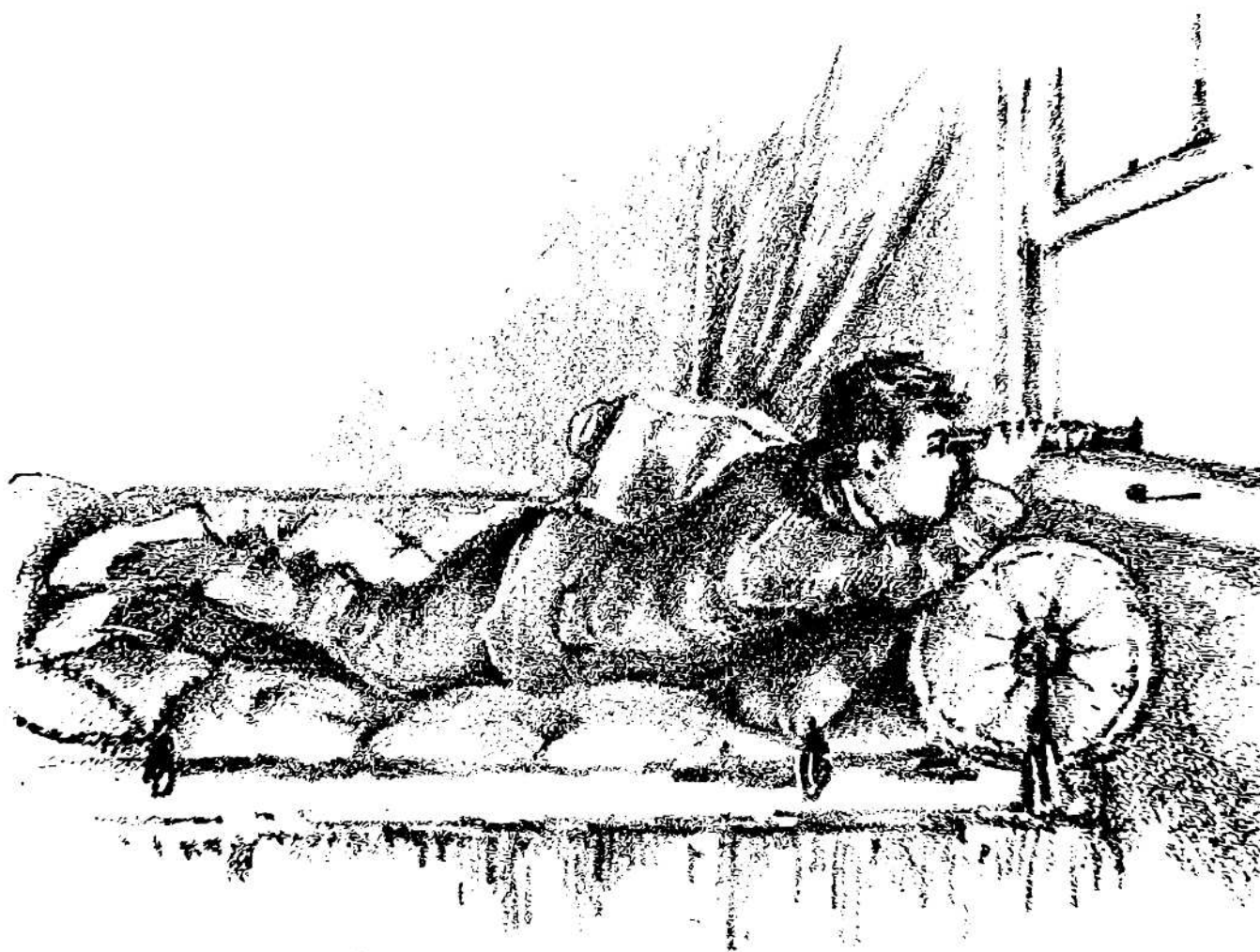
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 7.



Reasons for not going to Church—No. 5.

This lad does not go to church, because he has "any amount of volumes of sermons in his library at home, far cleverer than any that his Minister could preach to save his life."

And this is the way he reads them !

Vols. I. to VIII. (1888-95) are out of print, but Vols. IX., X., and XI. (1896, 97, 98), may still be had. Price One Shilling each. Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Son.

Great Tom of Oxford.

*Wisdom crieth at the gates, at the coming
in at the doors. Unto you, O men,
I call; and my voice is to the sons of
man. . . . Blessed is the man that
heareth Me.—Prov. 8, 1-36.*

OF the twenty and more Colleges at Oxford one of the most famous is that which is known as Christ Church, founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1546. The grounds connected with it are of marvellous beauty. The New Meadow Walk and the Broad Walk are two of the loveliest avenues in England. The elms that line the latter were planted, more than two hundred years ago, by the Dr. Fell who is best known by the rhymes written about him:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and that full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

The chief entrance to the College is by the "Tom" Gateway, the lower part of which was built by Wolsey, the upper by the great Sir Christopher Wren in 1682. The gate gets its name from a Bell in its tower that belonged before the Reformation to Osney Abbey, and bore in those days the inscription:

In Thomae Laude
Resono Bim Bom
Sine Fraude.

which Mr. 'Thyack in his book about Bells has translated:

For Thomas' Sake
I cry Bim Bom
And no Mistake.

The inscription on the Bell now runs: Magnus Thomas Clusius Oxoniensis Renatus Ap. 8, 1680, that is, Great Thomas, the Door-Closer of Oxford, Recast April 8, 1680. It is about the thirtieth largest bell in the world. Its diameter is 7 feet 2 inches, its height 6 feet 9, and its thickness six inches and a half. It is struck by a clapper which weighs 342 lbs., while the Bell itself weighs 17,640, or over seven tons. The recasting, according to experts, was badly done, the tone of the Bell being neither as powerful nor as sweet as it might have been. Lord Grimthorpe, one of the greatest authorities on all matters connected with clocks and bells, has even hinted in one of his books, that the Christ Church men might do worse than crack the Bell, and so secure its being recast again. How beautiful the sound of a bell may be can be easily judged by all who have heard the sublimely solemn and sonorous tones of the great bell of Glasgow University.

Great Tom of Oxford, as it is always affectionately called, has pealed forth its notes from its present position for two hundred and fifteen years. Every evening, at five minutes past nine, it tolls a hundred and one times, and its "sullen roar" is the signal for closing the various College gates. A hundred and one used to be the number of students on the foundation, that is, the number of those who held scholarships or bursaries. For every scholar the Bell tolled one. Each, as it were, was summoned home individually, just

as the head of the house does when a family sit down to meals. He looks round the table and says, as he notices an empty place, "Where's Willie?" "What has come over Mary? Go and tell them we are waiting for them."

The number of scholars at Christ Church is now somewhat reduced—though of course there are many more students, at least two hundred, attached to it, who hold no scholarships but pay their own way entirely. Yet still, every evening, Great Tom tolls the hundred and one, just as, when Willie and Mary are gone never to return, their father and mother still say, "We are seven."

Even so, I think, in the Gospel

and in His Providences God gives us, everyone, not only a general, but a personal call, to come to Him, sending out His messengers to every one, saying, "All things are ready. Come to the marriage." And when we who are bidden do not come, He sends other messengers, and pleads with us Himself, late and early, saying :

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee.
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery :
Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day :
Return, return !

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

(Continued from page 65.)

What
is thy
name?

ALISON
(Mrs.
Erskine)

MISS ALISON TURPIE, daughter of a Fifeshire lawyer, became the wife of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, one of the fathers of the Secession Church in Scotland, 2nd February, 1704. It was by accidentally hearing through an open window a conversation between her and his brother Ralph, that her husband was led to that full view of Christ's love which he ever after gloried in preaching. From what they said to one another he was convinced "they had *something* which he had not." Yet, strange to say, there were times in her life afterwards in which she seemed almost to despair of being saved. Her husband describes her as a woman of the greatest candour, "who for the whole world would not have told a lie, and abhorred everything that looked like trick, or deceit, or fraud, in her dealings between man and man." Twenty days before her death, she and two other women, Anne Archer and Margaret Walker, as they sat in the garden below her husband's window—happy men to have the windows of heaven thus opened to him twice!—were overheard by him talking about the *Marrow of Modern Divinity*. "I listened," he says, "and heard my worthy Dear talk of the freedom of the covenant of grace, of the nature of faith, and some other things, to my astonishment and admiration, so that, for my life, I could not have made an extempore discourse upon them to such purpose, and

What
is thy
name?

ALISON
ERSKINE

for such a long time as her discourse lasted, very near three quarters of an hour, without any considerable interruption. I was afraid she would do herself harm. I therefore at length opened the window, and spoke with a design to interrupt their discourse, and desired my Dear to come into the house, lest she should catch cold, which she accordingly did." The illness that caused her death was in great measure brought on by the agitation and distress which were caused her by an insolent and cruel and blasphemous answer given to her by one of her servants whom she had lovingly tried to keep from sin. She died August 31, 1720, in the 39th year of her age, preceded to heaven by three of her ten children. On the Monday after her death, Mr. Erskine's brother Ralph, who had preached on the Sabbath from Ezekiel 24, 18, turned as he was leaving the house, "his horse waiting him at the door," and addressing her daughter Jean, who had been specially kind to her mother in her trouble, asked her if she had her mother's Bible at hand. The Bible being brought, he wrote on one of its blank pages four lines, which were afterwards engraven on her tombstone :

" The law brought forth her precepts ten,
And then dissolved in grace ;
This saint ten children bore, and then
In glory took her place."

Three years after her death, a little daughter, named after her, became very ill of a fever. "This evening, September 26, 1723," says her father, "I surrendered my daughter to God, and was made to say from the bottom of my soul, 'Welcome, Lord, to come and pluck a flower in my family, if Thou hast use for her in the upper paradise.' Through grace I gave her anew to the Lord, gave her up to God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." This little Alison, afterwards Mrs. Scott, was spared, however, and lived to the great age of ninety-four.

ALISON
COCK-
BURN.

MRS. ALISON COCKBURN wrote the well-known song, *The Flowers of the Forest*, about the year 1750, the occasion of her writing it being the ruin, through some financial calamity, of several old families in Ettrick Forest.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay ;
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing ;
But now it is fled—it is fled far away.

It is this piece of music that is usually played by the pipers of Highland Regiments at the burial of a comrade, and no one who has heard the wail of it, now waxing louder, now becoming fainter, as a funeral procession has come winding down from the heights of Edinburgh Castle, can forget, or wish to forget, the awful solemnity of it as long as he lives.

Mrs. Cockburn was the daughter of a Mr. Rutherford, of Fairnilee, Selkirkshire, an estate which has recently passed by bequest into the hands of the distinguished philosopher, Professor Pringle-Pattison. When she was barely eighteen, she married the

What
is thy
name?

ALICE
COCK-
BURN.

son of the Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, a husband whom she described as "superior to all kings for real worth and native honour." She was left a widow in 1753, when she was forty, with an only son, Adam, who died in manhood, an officer of dragoons and unmarried. Mrs. Cockburn, in a letter quoted in Mr. Craig-Brown's *History of Selkirkshire*, describes herself, even in middle age, as a "veteran in sorrow, like a stripped tree robbed of shelter and foliage." She died at her house in Crichton Street at the age of eighty-two, in 1795, having been for over sixty years one of the queens of Edinburgh Society. "The lovely gold of her auburn hair remained unsilvered to the last." There is a portrait of her extant in which she wears "a striped silk sacque, fitting tight to the waist in front, but hanging loose from the neck behind, and terminating at the elbows in three wide frills. Over her shoulders is a black lace shawl or tippet. Her hair is turned back and covered by a flat cap or hood, the ends of which meet beneath her chin."

She was a woman, I need hardly say, of great mental power, as well as beauty. She met Sir Walter Scott for the first time when he was about seven years of age, and described him, in a letter written at the time, as "a most extraordinary genius of a boy."

I have no idea what a "striped silk sacque" is, but the girls who read this, or hear it read to them, will know, or else they will very soon find out. But I have told them about it in the hope that, now and again several times a day, when they speak or think about sacques and tippets, or when in happy companies they sing "The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away," they may remember two other scenes in Mrs. Cockburn's life. When she was a child of eight, an old gardener on her father's estate employed her to clip his white beard every Saturday, an office, she says, "which I performed with the greatest pride and pleasure. He was a most venerable man, and when he prayed God to bless me, I felt blest." In another letter, quoted by Mr. Craig-Brown, she describes an incident which reminds one of what the late godly General Sir James Hope Grant said, when he was told the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge would like to come to see him—"It will do them no harm to visit a dying man, and perhaps I may be able to say something which will do them good." "In 1756," says Mrs. Cockburn, "I rode over at six in the morning to see an old dying minister—the Rev. Henry Davidson, of Galashiels. He had his fine white bushy hair under a fine Holland night-cap; sheets, shirt, as white as snow; a large Bible on a table by his bed, with his watch. He embraced me with fervour, and said I would not repent losing some hours' sleep to see, for the last time, an old man who was going home. He naturally fell into a description of his malady, checked himself, and said it was a shame to complain of a bad road to a happy home. 'And there,' said he, 'is my passport,' pointing to his Bible; 'let me beg, my young friend, you will study it: you are not yet a Christian' (it was true), 'but you have an inquiring mind, and cannot fail to be one.' Then he prayed fervently for me, and said he was hasted; blessed some particular friends, and bade me farewell."

Jesus went out of the house, and sat by the sea-side.—Matt. 13, 1.

THE successful flying of his first kite—the first time he is allowed to creep round and under a laden yellow gooseberry bush or to wander at will over a strawberry bed—his first day on the sand on the sea-shore some hot July day—these are things no boy ever can forget. The rapture of “having on one’s bare feet,” the joy of having a bit of land that one can call one’s own, the delights of digging and of building, the satisfaction of finding material so pliant and so workable, the ease with which one can enter on new and vaster designs, the joy of battling with the ocean, the pleasure of seeing it defeated wave after wave, the still greater pleasure of seeing one’s castle surrounded, captured, overwhelmed, all in a moment, the delight of dancing one’s self on the ruins of its disappearing walls, the mystery of the ebbing tide and, when an hour or two have passed, the mortification of finding all trace of one’s endeavours wholly gone, the enthusiasm with which one builds a greater castle with a deeper ditch and higher broader walls, the triumph, not unmixed with tears, of leaving it behind unconquered before the retreating sea, the envious gaze of competing architects and builders, the sense that one has now something to talk about when school takes up again that will strike others dumb with admiration—can these things ever pass away from memory?

If God made the deep sea for mighty monsters and for brave men

who sail in gallant ships, He made the yellow sands for boys and girls. When they first see it they are filled with wonder and admiration, astonishment and terror. Then they begin to approach it and play with it, as they do with any merry little dog that seems to make advances; they let it nibble at their toes, and play gently with their heels, till it surprises them by a too great affection, as it comes with a sudden rush and roar, and then they flee before it screaming, but, taking heart as they see it falling back as if ashamed of its too rude embrace, they turn and chase it till it stands at bay, and gathers breath again, and once more outstrips them, but always turning ere it goes too far.

How it is now I do not know—I fear the race of foolish people is not yet extinct—but long ago one has often seen a little child playing barefooted on the sand, paddling in an inch or two of water, afraid to venture further, and yet slowly making up its mind to make friends with the sea. Then, while it hesitated, being meantime supremely happy, some foolish woman would come and undress it, and carrying it out as far as she could, plunge the frightened creature into the water, over its head, three times running. “They say it does no good unless you do it three times,” I have often heard a mother say. What good she aimed at I cannot tell, but she accomplished none. The child, neither knowing nor being told how to regulate its breathing, and getting no chance of doing so even if it knew, gets three great mouthfuls of



salt water, thinks the end of all things has come, screams with terror and pain, and is then soundly whipped for not knowing what is good for it. The rest of that holiday is spoilt. The child feels it is in disgrace. The nurse or

mother, having done one wrong and cruel thing, is sure ere long to do another. There are some people who seem to think that God grudges to see little children happy. If there are two ways of teaching a child anything, a pleasant and an un-

pleasant, it is the latter they prefer. That is the way people did with medicine long ago. The more nauseous it could be made—when other people were to take it—so much the better. There are things that must be given to us, no doubt, so bitter that they never can be made sweet, and so good for us that we would not wish them otherwise :—

When I was young, I dreamed that
sweets are sweet,
But now I deem some bitters are
Sweeter than sweets, and more refreshing
far,
And to be relished more, and more
desired,
And more to be pursued on eager feet,
On feet untired, and still on feet though
tired.

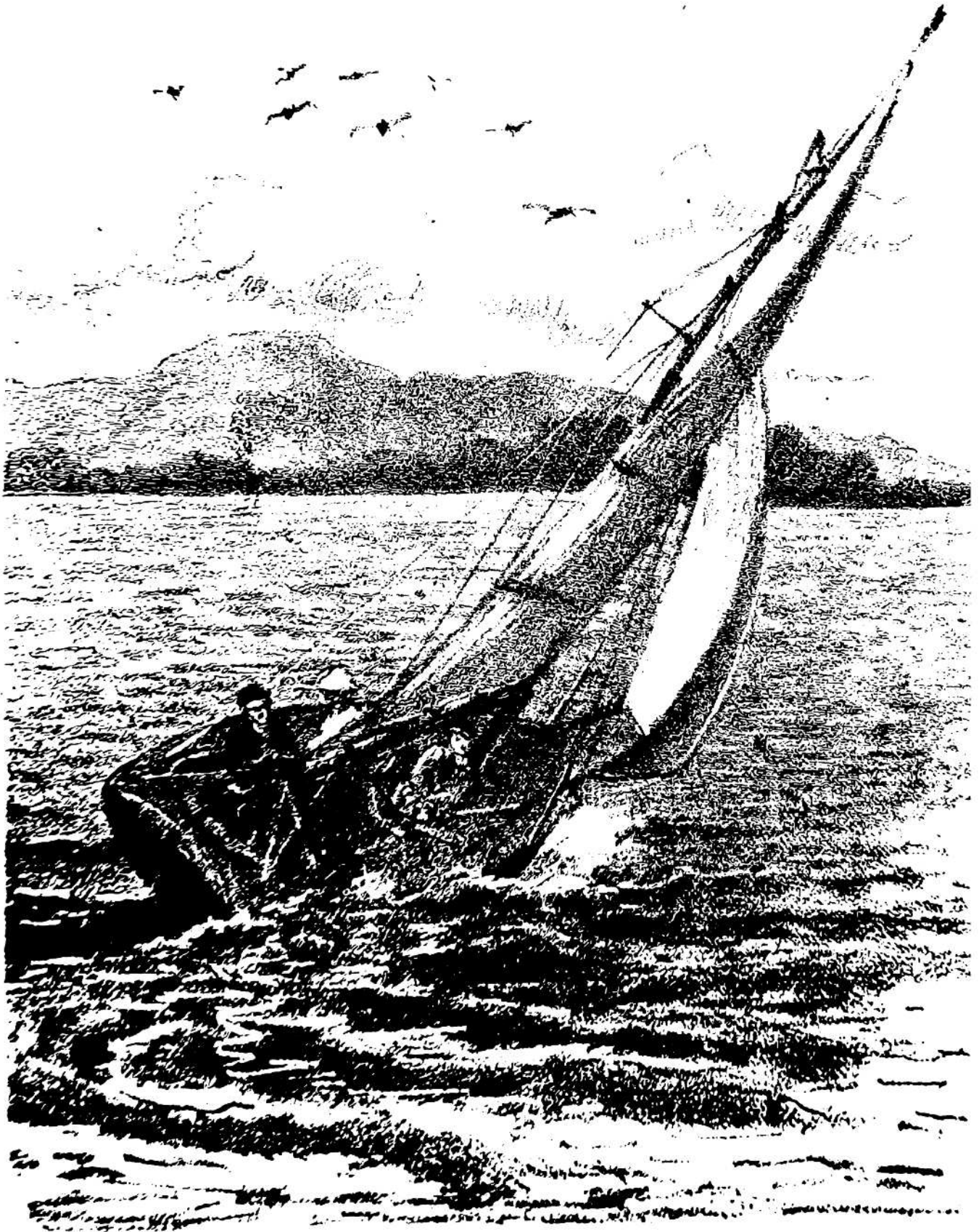
But let us bless God that He has taught doctors and nurses and chemists, specially in these last days, to learn of Christ Who loves to mingle sweet with bitter, Who, when He cannot take away our yoke, makes it as easy as He can.

Little Robert Aitken in the picture feels the water just a trifle cold, but he is a brave and merry plucky little fellow, and before half an hour is gone, he will not only be wading as fearlessly as his sister, trampling on flounders, but splashing on all fours and learning to dive, and next year I hope some wise big boy will give him a few lessons, and show him how to float and how to swim. Bobby will have many deep waters to pass through in life, waters at first like those he is now in, reaching to the ankles, but afterwards like those Ezekiel saw, waters to the knees, and then waters to the loins, and last of all, when the

waters are risen, waters to swim in, but never, never, if God be with him, waters to drown in. And as there are not wanting loving arms about him now, so, when he passes through the river into whose waters all must enter, the eternal God will be his refuge, and underneath him the everlasting arms, and as his days, so shall his strength be. When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.



THERE are two ways of getting a boat when one is a boy—buying one and making one. The better way is to make one, though that way has its difficulties, no doubt, but God puts difficulties in our way to make us wise and strong by overcoming them. The first difficulty is the finding of a piece of wood, smooth and long and broad and thick enough. Boys who have joiners for their fathers, provided they are good and upright workmen, who never waste their masters' wood or bring home any that would be of use, have a great deal to be thankful for. Many a boy has to go hunting up and down for weeks before he finds a piece that will do for a boat. Then, when the wood is got, there is the difficulty of shaping it, and making the two sides to agree. That is a very tedious and trying bit of work. Then comes difficulty number three. The boat is made inside and outside, but it is very roughly hewn, and shows all over it the marks of the knife. There have been boys who



never knew till they were men the power there is in sandpaper!

But at last the boat is made, the inside dug out as deeply as the knife, which by this time is both blunt and broken, can make it. A hole is bored, and the mast stuck in. The mast, perhaps, is only a match whose head has been cut off and burnt, but it is big enough to support the paper sail. And now the boat is ready, a basin is filled with water, all the household summoned to the launch, and to the boy's great joy the boat floats, actually floats! Then the basin is shaken, and the huge waves, inch-high, rise and roll, and still the boat survives, though some drops of water have gone into the hold through the ugly hole in the gunwale, made alas! by the slipping of the knife just as a finishing touch had been given to the bulwarks a little before the launch.

But nothing now will content the boy till he has tried his ship in a burn, or on the edges of a pond. And there a great disappointment awaits him. The moment the boat is put into the water, it falls over on its side. He tries new sails, and new shapes of sails, but the ignominy is repeated—over she goes again and again, till at last he has to take her sorrowfully home. There had been a little breath of air, a very gentle breeze blowing on the pond, and when it struck the sail the ship capsized; *it had no keel*.

No ship can sail unless it carries ballast of some sort. If it carries a cargo, the cargo is all the ballast that it needs. But sometimes, when a ship has discharged its cargo at a

port, it can't get any cargo for the voyage home, and then it has to take into its hold, it may be, some hundreds of tons of stone or sand or earth, and pay sweetly for them too. And then all that has to be lifted out again when the ship arrives at its destination. That kind of ballast is called inside ballast. But in yachts the ballast is now almost all on the outside. That is to say, there is attached to the bottom of the ship when it is built a huge mass of lead or other heavy metal, not of course in the form of a lump, but shaped gracefully so as to carry out the design of the lines on which the ship is built. A ten-ton yacht, for example, may have fourteen tons of lead on her keel! And that is why, blow the wind ever so strongly, the ship cannot capsize. The mast may snap, or the sails may be blown to ribbons, but no pressure that the wind can exert on the ship's canvas can possibly overbalance the weight of the keel.

As with ships, so with men. There was once an American scholar and orator of whom some one said, referring to the fame he had, and the honours he received, and the work he undertook to do—"See what an amount of sail that man carries!" "Yes," said a bystander, "but see, my dear young man, what an amount of ballast he carries as well!" That is to say, there was the ballast of humility, and prayer, and suffering, of trust in God and love to man. These things were an offset to the breath of popular applause and all the temptations

that Satan could bring to bear on him. He was, if I may change the metaphor, like the house of which our Saviour speaks. The rain descended, and the floods came,

and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. There was something at the other and the hidden end stronger than the storm.



Boys who have Something still to Learn. No. 3.

These two message boys have both got kind and considerate masters, and yet they have been sitting there for over twenty minutes, though they know the things in their baskets were to be delivered "as quickly as possible."

1	S	Work to-day.— <i>Matt. 21, 28.</i> “A dead bee makes no honey.”— <i>George Herbert.</i>
2	S	And the Lord came, and stood, and called, Samuel, Samuel.
3	M	Then Samuel answered, Speak ; for Thy servant heareth.— <i>1 Sam. 3, 10.</i>
4	TU	Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.— <i>Eccl. 9, 10.</i>
5	W	Abraham (99 years old) hastened.— <i>Gen. 18, 6.</i> ran, hasted, <i>v. 7.</i>
6	TH	Straightway.— <i>Mark 1, 10.</i> Mark uses this word, <i>εὐθέως</i> , <i>eutheos</i> , forty-one times.
7	F	I made haste to keep Thy commandments.— <i>Ps. 119, 60.</i> “Here, on board these cruisers, the young Nelsons learn to obey in silence and at a run. There are no excuses in this service. He must not answer back, and he must do what he is told—not immediately, but sooner, much sooner.”— <i>Rudyard Kipling's A Fleet in Being.</i>
8	S	While they went to buy, the Bridegroom came.— <i>Matt. 25, 10.</i>
9	S	Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked ;
10	M	But that the wicked turn from his way and live :
11	TU	Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways ;
12	W	For why will ye die, O house of Israel?— <i>Ezek. 33, 11.</i>
13	TH	Come unto Me all ye that labour:— <i>Matt. 11, 28.</i>
14	F	And the Spirit and the bride—that is, the saints in glory who know all about God and all about us—say, Come.— <i>Rev. 22, 17.</i> “May, 1834. The fellows all say I am sure of the medal if I try for it—so won't I try !”— <i>Journal of the late Admiral Sir Cooper Key.</i>
15	S	Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.— <i>2 Pet. 1, 10.</i>
16	S	What think ye of Christ?— <i>Matt. 22, 42.</i>
17	M	How long halt ye between two opinions?
18	TU	If the Lord be God, follow Him :
19	W	But if Baal, then follow him.— <i>1 Kings 18, 21.</i>
20	TH	Thou art neither cold nor hot.— <i>Rev. 3, 15.</i>
21	F	I will spue thee out of My mouth. By the laws of Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, B.C. 600, the man who refused to side with either party in a time of sedition was declared infamous.
22	S	As for me and my house we will serve the Lord.— <i>Josh. 24, 15.</i>
23	S	Be not anxious, saying, What shall we eat?
24	M	For after all these things do the Gentiles seek.
25	TU	Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.
26	W	Seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness ;
27	TH	And all these things shall be added unto you.— <i>Matt. 6, 31 (R. V.)</i>
28	F	Ye cannot serve God and mammon.— <i>Luke 16, 13.</i>
29	S	The Pharisees, who were covetous, heard all these things : and they derided Him. “Scotland, that is the poorest of all nations, is the greediest after the world, and the most glued to it of any nation.”— <i>James Renwick, the Martyr.</i>
30	S	Occupy till I come.— <i>Luke 19, 13.</i>
31	M	How much every man had gained by trading.— <i>v. 15.</i> “After all, an appointment is always what the man who holds it makes it.”— <i>Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, to Sir G. Pomeroy Colley, when he was made Governor of Natal.</i>

August, 1899.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 8.



Reasons for not going to Church—No. 6.

This man was not at church yesterday, because he had "a touch of rheumatism in his left shoulder and knee," and he has had to be very careful of his health, by the doctor's orders, ever since he had rheumatic fever eight years ago.

Volumes I. to VIII. (1888-95) are out of print; but Volumes IX., X., and XI. (1896, '97, '98), may still be had. Price, One Shilling each.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

"No, Tom, if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go."

WHEN Lord Macaulay was first sent to school, being then the merest child, his mother explained to him that during his lesson hours he would have to do without "pieces" of bread and butter. "Yes, mamma," he answered, "industry shall be my bread and attention my butter." A mood that so expressed itself could hardly expect to be asked to do any more. A seed that sprang up so quickly to its greatest height was bound to have little root. It is with no surprise, therefore, that one reads in the very next sentence in his *Life and Letters* that, as a matter of fact, no boy ever crept more unwillingly to school. Every afternoon he made piteous entreaties to be excused returning after dinner. His mother's answer was given unvaryingly in the words quoted above, "No, Tom, if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go."

The summer holidays of most of you who are going back to school will be over in a day or two. The days so long in coming are now almost gone, you can't tell how. They are passed away as the swift ships. To us who are old the shortness of time is the most striking and appalling experience of life. Well will it be for you who are young if you learn that lesson now,

before the evil days come. You have faithfully obeyed, I have no doubt, the advice of those who told you not to open a lesson book during all the time your school was closed; and you are now going to reap the consequences. I don't think that was good advice. To do one sum in arithmetic every day, to write two lines carefully either on a slate or in a copy-book, and to learn one verse of a Psalm, can never spoil a holiday. Ten minutes' honest work sweetens the hours of play that follow. Above all, it keeps one from forgetting what one has learnt; it is like the little stone, put in behind the wheel, that keeps a cart that is at rest from slipping back. But it is late to speak of that now: not too late, though you should only have one free day left. There is never anything too late, blessed be God, if one is still willing to do all that can be done! God can restore even the years that the locust and the caterpillar and the cankerworm have eaten, but He can only do it by fearful works, and when we fast and pray.

But there is one thing that you can still do. Go back to school on the day the school reopens. That will be a hard thing for some of you to do, and no one can blame you if you find it so. God will not, for He knows your frame. But it is just because our duty is hard to do that the path of duty is the way to glory. For you to stay away from school needlessly even for one hour is fair neither to yourselves nor others. And if your mother in the mistaken kindness of her heart

should say, "I am going to give you one more day's play," tell her in the most loving, respectful words you can command that she is not to do it. Say to her, "No, mother, if it

rains cats and dogs, I will go." And then, having said that, GO: and God go with thee.

Lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the Mount of Blessing.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

(Continued from page 77.)

What
is thy
name?

ALISON.

Mrs.
BOSTON

ALISON TROTTER was the maiden name of the mother of famous Thomas Boston who wrote the *Fourfold State*. He was the youngest of her seven children, and from some gracious providences connected with his birth he was well called by her friends *Godsend*. In his autobiography he describes his mother as a woman prudent and virtuous. She lived in troublous times. Her husband was a Covenanter, who suffered both imprisonment and the spoiling of his goods for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. Their son Thomas, when he was a little boy, lay in the prison of Duns with him to keep him company. Mrs. Boston died in 1691 when she was fifty-six and her son barely fifteen. One of Boston's own daughters, who was named after her, has descendants in Scotland at the present time.

Miss
DUNLOP

MISS ALISON HAY DUNLOP, an Edinburgh lady of Huguenot descent who died in 1888 aged fifty-three, a linguist, a scholar, an antiquarian, will be remembered most, perhaps, in years to come as the betrothed of Thomas Davidson, "The Scottish Probationer," whose letters, poems, and songs are well known to students. It was he who wrote the song, *The Yang-tsi-Kiang*. An old woman whom he met in the train one day had been telling him about her family, and especially about her son, a soldier "far away on the banks of the Yang-tsi-Kiang." She seemed to find a satisfaction in the high-sounding name of the distant river. "The name filled his ear, and he could not rest till he had woven it into the refrain of a little comic song, for which he composed a tune." Poor Davidson died of consumption in 1870, in his thirty-second year. He had been engaged to Miss Dunlop for a number of years, and evidently loved her very dearly.

Yestreen I roamed by Jedwater,
When the sun was set and the dew was down,
An' there was a sang in Jedwater,
An' my Ailie's name was its tune.
It sang o' her een, it sang o' her hair,
An' it sang o' her neck o' the lily fine;
But aye the sweetest it sang o' her heart,
My Ailie's heart that is mine!

Yet, strange to say, for a good while before his death, though he was always writing to her—the last words he ever wrote, "Pray for

What
is thy
name?

Miss
DUNLOP

good weather. God bless you"—were addressed to her—he forbade her to come to see him. I imagine, for one has known similar cases, that he was so wasted that he knew his look would grieve her; no doubt, too, he dreaded the excitement that a meeting and a parting would cause them both; and perhaps, also, he hoped against hope that he might grow strong and well again; or maybe he was only trying to compel himself to submit to the will of God Who was providing some thing better for him.

Miss Dunlop did much to strengthen him when his heart was like to faint. He had written a poem, *The Auld Ash Tree*, whose burden was

"To weary me, to weary me!"

She wrote in answer to it, *The Auld Oak Tree*.

Sunlight and shine, and blink and blast,
Have found us baith, my ain auld Tree;
But strength is given by might of heaven,
To bear and wear richt gallantlie.

I feel thy sunshine and thy shade,
Though miles across the saut saut sea;
Methinks I hear thy branches roar;
It heartens me, it heartens me!"

When winds soughed thro' our theekit roof
At deid o' nicht, I woke in fear:
Our oak tree crooned me calm again,
I felt my father's God was near.

When winter storms blew loud amain,
It tossed its mighty arms abroad,
Like some auld patriarch strong in faith,
Prayerfully wrestlin' with his God.

Even as a girl at school she showed her pluck, her determination never to be beat, on one occasion actually learning off by heart two Books of Euclid, "pictures and all, but Oh! it was weariful work!" though she had no idea what it meant, and so got first prize for mathematics, thanks to the incompetence of her examiner. As she got older—and she was a great sufferer—she used to say, "Doctrines give me but little trouble now; but Oh! these christian graces." A week before she died she wrote in pencil a few words of loving farewell to her brothers, closing with this expression, "Mind, every morsel o' salvation is true!"

Mrs.
CRAY.

ALISON CRAY—whose mother was an Alison too, a very simple gracious lady who never recovered from the shock of discovering that her husband was a bad man—"trembled with pleasure if you said her sister Miss Kitty was pretty, and dreamed dreams in which she herself walked as bridesmaid only." But of her love for her sister, a love passing the love of men, and how it was rewarded in God's own time, and of the pass-book she kept with rules for the management of her school in it, and of her happy, happy marriage to Ivie M'Lean when she was fifty-one—of these and many other delightful things about her you will read for yourselves, I hope, when you are older, in that great book of Mr. Barrie's, *Sentimental Tommy*.



Boys who have Something still
to Learn.

*No. 4—The Boy who wets his
thumb every time he turns a page.*

WHEN Thomas Carlyle was four
years old, he asked his father
what the little black things were—

“like penny rolls, only far less”—
which he seemed to *create* when he
rubbed the palms of his hands
together. “It’s dirt,” was the
answer. A boy should remember
that his hands are not always
absolutely clean, and that his thumb,

which is the hardest working part, and therefore the peculiar glory of the human hand, is especially apt to be "subdued to what it works in." It is all very well for cats to lick their paws—though one would rather they would not do it so often immediately before a holiday when one wishes the rain to keep off!—but cats can neither spin towels nor manufacture soap.

Wetting one's thumb is not only an ungraceful gesture, and an act of unkindness to those who are to read the book after us—and no book surely was ever meant to be read only by one person—but it is a needless habit as well. Our fingers learn to do what they are taught to do. The boy whose thumb has to depend

on "self-help" alone will turn the leaves as quickly, after a little practice, as the boy whose thumb is accustomed to assistance. Even a banker, I am persuaded, could, in time, do without his moistened sponge. But no boy needs to turn over the pages of his book as a banker counts his notes, at the rate of a hundred and fifty every minute! When you are coming near the foot of a page, your thumb and two first fingers should have their work already done, not putting off to the last moment what might so easily have been done before. Be a gentleman to every book you read, or even refuse to read; but, above all, treat your copy of the Bible with reverence and love.

What is thine Occupation?—Jonah 1, 8. A Baker.

(For the greater part of this article—a Bible Class Exercise—the Editor is indebted to Miss Annie H. Kirkwood, Greenock.)

HIS SIGN.	BREAD WITHOUT SCARCENESS.	Deut. 8, 9.
HIS WARRANT.	After this manner pray ye: Give us this day our daily bread. . . He causeth herb to grow for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.	Matt. 6, 11.
	The eyes of all things, Lord, attend, And on Thee wait that here do live, And Thou, in season due, dost send Sufficient food them to relieve.	Ps. 104, 14.
HIS MATERIALS.	The finest of the wheat. . . A handful of meal. . . A well of water. . . Milk, and butter in a lordly dish. . . Salt is good. . . Honey, spices, and almonds. . . Baken with leaven.	Ps. 145, 15.
HIS STOCK.	Loaves and cracknels. . . Barley loaves. . . A cake of barley bread. . . Leavened bread. . . Pleasant bread. . . Children's bread. . . Wafers made of fine wheaten flour and honey. . . Unleavened cakes of fine flour baken in the oven; . . baken in a frying-pan. . . In the uppermost basket there was all manner of bakemeats. . . Royal dainties.	Ps. 81, 16. 1 Kin. 17, 10-12 Gen. 21, 19 Judges 5, 25 Mark 9, 50 Lev. 23, 17. 1 Kings 14, 3. John 6, 9. Judg. 7, 13. Ex. 13, 3. Dan. 10, 3. Matt. 15, 26. Ex. 29, 2; 16, 31 Lev. 2, 4-7. Gen. 40, 17. Gen. 49, 20.



HIS TRIALS. Purge out the old leaven. . . *No sale.* This our bread we took hot, but now it is dry and mouldy. . . *People passing his door and going into public-houses.* Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? . . . *Great demand and his bread all done.* Four thousand men, beside women and children. How many loaves have ye? And they said seven. . . *People coming after hours and running up accounts.* Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves? . . . *Unreasonable customers.* Pharaoh was wroth against the chief of the bakers.

1 Cor. 5. 7.

Is. 55. 2.

Matt. 15. 34.

Luke 11. 5.

Gen. 40. 2.

. . . *Careless, lazy message boys.* He that sendeth a message by the hand of a fool cutteth off his own feet. . . As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him. . . *Thieves, etc., about the bakehouse.* The frogs shall come into thine ovens, and into thy kneading-troughs. . . The birds did eat the bakemeats out of the basket. . . Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry. . . *Bills falling due.* How much owest thou? And he said, An hundred measures of wheat.

Prov. 26, 6.
Prov. 10, 26.

Ex. 8, 3.

Gen. 40, 17.
Prov. 6, 30.

Luke 16, 7.

HIS TEMPTATIONS. *To Sabbath breaking, to dishonesty, to the use of bad material.* This is that which the Lord hath said, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath, bake that which ye will bake to-day. . . Hear this ye that say, When will the Sabbath be gone, that we may set forth meat, making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit? yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat? . . . Bread made of wheat, and barley, and beans, and lentiles, and millet, and fitches, put in one vessel. . . *To carelessness.* A cake not turned.

Ex. 16, 23.

Amos 8, 5.

Ezek. 4, 9.
Hos. 7, 8.

HIS JOYS. *Cheap flour.* A measure of fine flour shall be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel. . . A measure of wheat for a penny. . . *A large order.* Two hundred pennyworth of bread. . . *Appointed purveyor to the Royal Family.* Solomon's provision for one day was thirty cors (960 pecks) of fine flour, and threescore cors of meal. . . *Fair dealing.* Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin. . . *Honest customers.* Say not, To-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee. . . Take double money in your hand: and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks; peradventure it was an oversight. . . Neither did we eat any man's bread for nought. . . *A godly message boy, one that keeps near to Christ.* Andrew saith unto Jesus, There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves.

2 Kings 7, 1.

Rev. 6, 6.
John 6, 7.
1 Kings 4, 22.

Lev. 19, 36.
Prov. 3, 28.

Gen. 43, 12.

2 Thess. 3, 8.
John 6, 9.

HIS GOOD POINTS. *His cleanliness.* Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord. . . Cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also. . . *His diligence.* Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes. . . *His accuracy, neatness, and sense of God's presence.* Thou shalt take fine flour and bake twelve cakes thereof: two tenth parts of an ephah shall be in one cake. And thou shalt set them in two rows, six in a row, upon the pure table before the Lord. . . And he set the bread in order. . . *His kindness to the poor.* At meal time come thou hither, and eat of the bread. And he reached her parched corn, and she did eat, and was sufficed, and left.

Is. 52, 11.
Matt. 23, 26.

Gen. 18, 6.

Lev. 24, 5.

Ex. 40, 23.
Ruth 2, 14

HIS WARNINGS AND EXAMPLES. Forty years ago two Japanese lads, Inouye and Ito Hirobumi, who afterwards became Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Prime

A bad English Baker.

Minister of their country, came to London as common sailors in pursuit of knowledge. They had only five dollars—about £1—in their pockets when they landed, and having neither friends nor food, went into a baker's shop, and pointing to a loaf gave him all the money they had. When they had waited a moment or two and found that he said nothing, they went away, taking their loaf with them, thinking they had paid the regular price for it!

. . . Louis XVI. of France, who was guillotined in 1793, was called the *Baker*, *Le Boulanger*, his Queen the *Baker's wife*, and his eldest son, the Dauphin, the *shop-boy*, because of their speculations in wheat. . . Fifty years ago there was a baker in Florence, Giuseppe Dolfi, who was one of the great band of heroes who delivered Italy from Austrian and Papal tyranny. He was a tall man, with an honest happy face and a singularly winning voice, a man who had nourished his mind and heart on great and good books. At a most critical time he hid the patriot Mazzini in his house for three months. He would never accept even the smallest reward for what he had done. In 1864, when Florence became the provisional capital of Italy, King Victor Emmanuel sent for him and wished to decorate him with his own hands. "May it please your Majesty," said Dolfi, "to bake good bread and to serve my people are enough for me." He died in 1869.

Louis XVI.

"Beppe"
Dolfi,
a good Italian
Baker.

HIS GREAT EXEMPLARS. *Angels.* And as Elijah lay and slept, behold, then an Angel touched him, and said, Arise and eat. And he looked, and, behold, a cake baked on the coals. . . *The Lord of Glory.* Jesus saith, Children, have ye aught to eat? They answered Him, No. . . As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread.

1 Kings 19, 5.

John 21, 9.

HIS MEDITATION AND PRAYER. The bread of God is He Which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Then said they unto Him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.

John 6, 33.

HIS EXCEEDING GREAT REWARD. *God helps him at his work.* Blessed shall be thy kneading-trough. (R.V.) *His customers pleased and careful.* Breaking bread they did eat their meat with gladness. . . Jesus was known in breaking of bread. . . The dogs eat of the crumbs. . . Behold the fowls of the air; your Father feedeth them. . . *The remembrance of his baking may be made a means of grace.* Lot (in Sodom) did bake unleavened bread. . . As for us, the Lord is our God. The shewbread also set they in order upon the pure table. . . How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father. . . *His name becomes a name of honour.* Baker, and Baxter, which are the same, are great names in our country. . . *His children come to honour.* Sir James Simpson, to whom the world owes chloroform, one of God's best gifts to

Deut. 28, 5.

Acts 2, 46.
Luke 24, 35.
Matt. 15, 27.
Matt. 6, 26.

Gen. 19, 3.
2 Chr. 13, 11.

Luke 15, 17.

men, was the son of a baker at Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire. *His comfort in life and in death.* Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : my cup runneth over. . . . *Acknowledged in the Day of Judgment.* I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat. . . . *Glory everlasting.* Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God. . . . I will sup with him, and he with Me.

Ps. 23, 5.

Matt. 25, 35.
Luke 14, 15.
Rev. 3, 20.

"I am getting very old now," said a mother rabbit to her children. "I shall soon be six years of age, and none of our family, even of those that died in their beds, ever lived beyond eight. I have had a hundred and twenty-nine boys and girls, and you two are all that I have left." And the poor rabbit began to cry.

"Now, mother," said her boy, "what are you going to say next? Are we not to get out to play to-night? It is very tiresome to be kept in this way when all the others are allowed out to play."

"Bunny dear," said his mother, "you have been kept in only three nights these two months, and it was for your good. I saw a man setting wire snares on our runs, and you know that on the last night alone seven of your companions were caught in them and choked."

"Where do we go to when we are killed?" said the other little rabbit; a most affectionate daughter she was.

"I hear," said her mother, "that we go to 'London,' but I don't know what London is. I only know that no one who goes to it comes back."

There was silence after this for a time, and then the boy said, "Are we not to get out to play, then?"

"No, Bunny; there will be no play for you to-night. The snares are laid again; and, besides, there is a poacher going about with his ferret and a net. There will be peace neither inside nor outside our burrows to-night. The poacher will be here in a little. He will stop up all our holes but one. He will put his ferret in, and then he will cover the mouth of the hole with a net; and if we bolt, into his net we go!"

"And then shall we go to London, mother?" "Yes, my dear."

"Well, I don't want to go to London," said the little girl.

"What I wish you to do," continued their mother, "is this. We have six galleries in our burrow. Each of us will take two, and keep to these two. The ferret can't possibly catch us if we keep out of each other's way. But on no condition is either of you to make for the hole that is left open. We shall have an anxious time, but the ferret will be muzzled, and if none of us goes out, the man will call his ferret and go away."

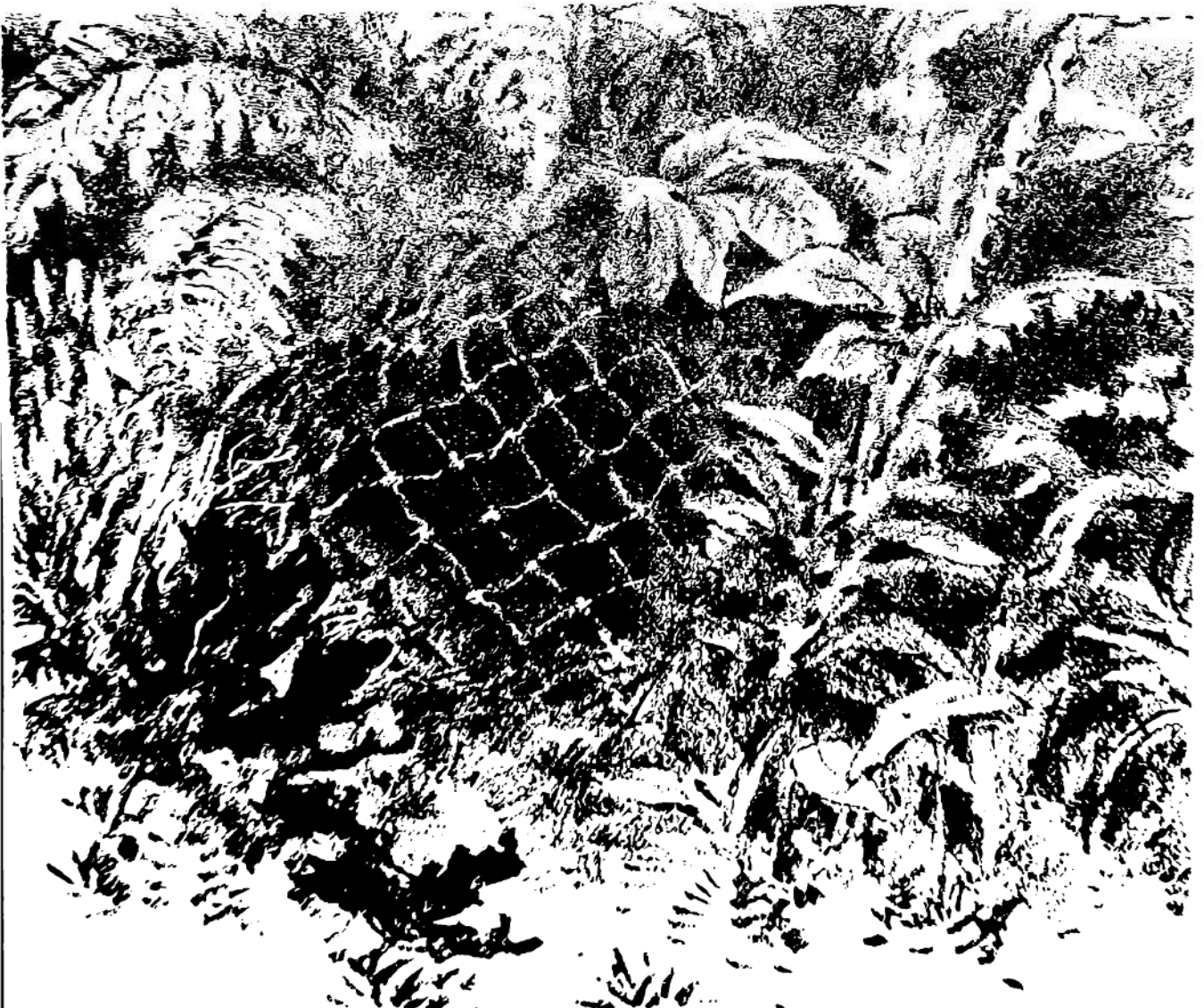
"Well, it's pretty hard to be kept in a prisoner like this, night after night," said her son. "Life's not worth living at the price."

"Yes, Bunny, life is worth living. And if we survive this night, I don't think we shall be troubled

for a good many months. Better lose a little fun to-night in order to live many days and see good."

Ten minutes afterwards all that the mother said had come to pass. The holes were blocked up, and in came the ferret with its hateful red eyes. The children ran to their galleries, and then their mother went slowly to hers, enticing the ferret after her. Twice or thrice his claws just touched her back, but she was anxious to save her children. For full fifteen minutes the ferret chased and

chased her, but just as his owner was going to call him out, the spirit of disobedience, though he called it the love of adventure and the pursuit of knowledge, took possession of her boy, and out he bolted—into the net! The very same moment the poacher caught his head in one hand and his hind legs in the other, and with one jerk broke his neck. But in that one moment the past and the future all flitted before poor Bunny's eyes—"Oh but it is hard, hard to die so young, and I have but myself to blame!"



1	TU	A wise child.— <i>Eccles. 4, 13.</i> "I poured out a short and earnest petition to God, that it would please His goodness to offer occasion to continue me at the school, and incline my father's heart to use the same."— <i>James Melville's Diary, 1571.</i>
2	W	A wise son maketh a glad father ;
3	TH	But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.— <i>Prov. 10, 1.</i>
4	F	Wisdom is better than rubies.— <i>Prov. 8, 11.</i>
5	S	Wisdom is too high for a fool.— <i>Prov. 24, 7.</i>
6	S	Herod feared John, and did many things.— <i>Mark 6, 20.</i> Stop rat-holes, while a sea sweeps through the breach, Hammer and fortify at puny points ; 'Tis here and here and here you ship a sea, No good of your stopped leaks and littleness ! <i>Browning's The Ring and the Book.</i>
7	M	The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.— <i>Is. 1, 55.</i>
8	TU	Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.— <i>Is. 64, 6.</i>
9	W	Vessels of wrath fitted unto destruction.— <i>Rom. 9, 22.</i>
10	TH	Ye must be born again.— <i>John 3, 7.</i>
11	F	Renewed.— <i>Eph. 4, 23.</i>
12	S	You did He quicken when ye were dead.— <i>Eph. 2, 1 (R. V.).</i>
13	S	O Lord God, Thou art my trust from my youth.
14	M	My praise shall be continually of Thee.— <i>Ps. 71, 5, 6.</i>
15	TU	O remember how short my time is.— <i>Ps. 89, 47 (R. V.)</i>
16	W	What would ye that I should do for you ?— <i>Mark 10, 36.</i>
17	TH	Remember not the sins of my youth.— <i>Ps. 25, 7.</i>
18	F	Glorify Thy Son.— <i>John 17, 1.</i>
19	S	Glorify Thy Name.— <i>John 12, 28.</i>
20	S	All that Ahab did, and the ivory house which he made.— <i>1 Kings 22, 39.</i>
21	M	The houses of ivory shall perish, saith the Lord.— <i>Amos 3, 15.</i>
22	TU	The world passeth away.— <i>1 John 2, 17.</i>
23	W	The devil shewed unto Him all the Kingdoms of the World IN A MOMENT OF TIME.— <i>Luke 4, 5.</i> "The largest fee Sir Frank Lockwood ever had marked upon a brief was 750 guineas, and the largest refresher (the sum paid to an advocate after the trial has begun) ever given him was 100 guineas a day. How easy it is to compress a life into a line ; and not a very interesting line either !" — <i>Augustine Birrell.</i>
24	TH	Lo, the Kings were assembled, they passed by together.— <i>Ps. 48, 4.</i>
25	F	Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities ; all is vanity.— <i>Eccles. 1, 2.</i>
26	S	A crown of glory that fadeth not away.— <i>1 Peter 5, 4.</i>
27	S	He was a burning and a shining light.— <i>John 5, 35.</i> The sun, the moon, the stars Send no such light upon the ways of men As one great deed. — <i>Tennyson's Tiresias.</i>
28	M	The memory of the just is blessed.— <i>Prov. 10, 7.</i>
29	TU	The righteous shall inherit the land.— <i>Ps. 37, 29.</i>
30	W	A name better than of sons and daughters :
31	TH	An everlasting name, that shall not be cut off.— <i>Is. 56, 5.</i>

September, 1899.

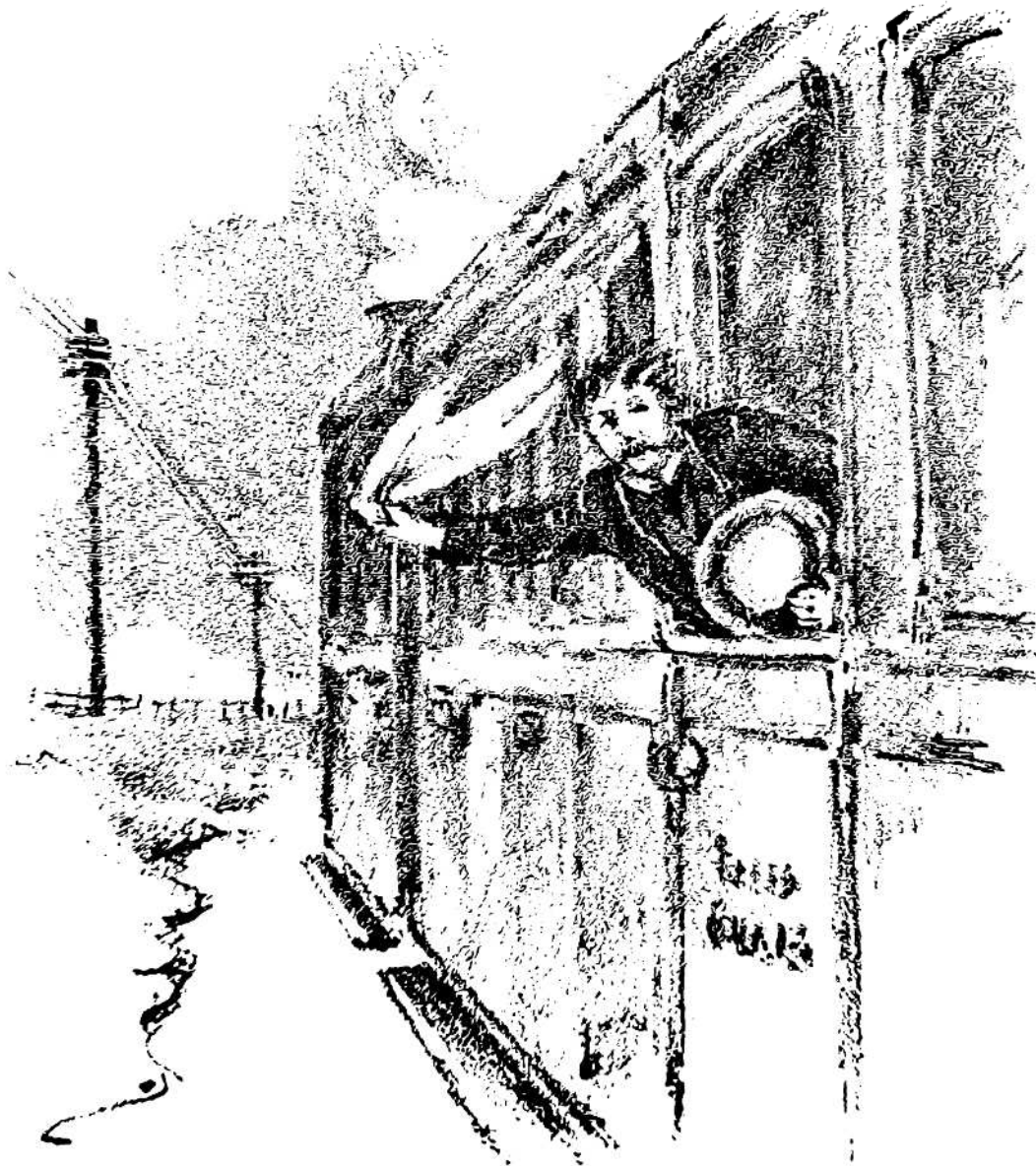
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 9.



Reasons for not going to Church—No. 7.

This man never goes to church because he is afraid of draughts. The opening of a door, even for a moment, he says, will give him such a cold in his head that for days and days after, etc., etc., etc..

Vols. I. to VIII. (1838-95) are out of print, but Vols. IX., X., and XI. (1896, 97, 98), may still be had. Price One Shilling each.

Greenock : James M'Kelvie & Son.

In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, will I take thee, O Zerubbabel, My servant, the son of Shealtiel, saith the Lord, and will make thee as a signet. Haggai 2, 23.

IF God had said, "I will make thee as a ring, or as a jewel," that would have been wonderful love. For a ring is an ornament; it is very precious; it calls up happy memories; and if a man loses it he is greatly put about. But a signet is the seal with which he signs or stamps his letters, and if he loses *that*, he is as helpless as the woman who has lost the key of her house, or the merchant who has mislaid the key of his safe or dropped on the street a bundle of signed blank cheques. A thief who finds them may ruin him in one hour's time. So valuable is a signet that we are told of one of the Lord Chancellors of England that he never allowed the Great Seal to be out of his sight, and even took it to bed with him at night. James II., you will remember, when he fled from England, threw the Great Seal into the Thames, hoping, thereby, I suppose, to paralyse for a time at least the action of the Ministers of State. When a Sovereign dies, the old Seal is solemnly broken and every fragment of it destroyed. That has to be done even when any alteration, however slight, is made in the Sovereign's arms or titles, as, for example, when Queen Victoria be-

came Empress of India. The Seal represents all that the Sovereign for the time being is; it represents him in his fullest and his latest glory. And that is the honour that God puts upon His saints. It is as if he said, "Ye are My representatives, My witnesses, My credentials, My signature, My handwriting, the proof to men that I am God, the symbol of My authority, an essential part of everything I do; without you I am nothing; he that touches you touches the apple of Mine eye, touches even more than that—touches My very being. I will write upon you My new Name."



Here is an exact copy of the seal of the Khalifa, who was defeated last year at Omdurman by Lord Kitchener. It fell, along with a mass of correspondence and other documents, into the hands of Col. Sir F. R. Wingate, K.C.B., D.S.O., the Head of the Intelligence Department of the army in Egypt, and it is to the kindness of a relative of his that I owe this fac-simile. The inked sponge with which the seal was moistened was the one used by the Khalifa himself, who carried it in the case of an old silver watch, out of which he had taken the works, that belonged to Hicks Pasha, the unfortunate officer who commanded the Egyptian army that

was annihilated by the Mahdi in 1883.

The words, which are Arabic, mean this—"The representative of him who stands at the door waiting." The words are interesting first, as a specimen of the mock humility—the only kind of humility they have—so characteristic of Eastern potentates; and secondly, as a curious description of a man who bolted in the hour of battle, and has been, like Cain, a fugitive ever since.

And yet, as we look at the words again, can we imagine a truer description of the King of kings,

our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." "It is the voice of My Beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to Me, My sister, My love, My dove, My undefiled: for My head is filled with dew, and My locks with the drops of the night." And every child of God should be His representative, telling the world by every word and deed, every look and gesture, that God is waiting to be gracious, stretching forth His hands all day long unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.



What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

(Continued from page 88.)

What
is thy
name?

ALISON.

Mrs.
NOBLE.

ALISON GRÆME, the wife of James Noble, an Edinburgh carrier, who died sixty years ago, is the heroine of Dr. John Brown's immortal *Rab and His Friends*, a story which I hope you will all read some day. "I never saw," says Dr. Brown, "a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, lonely, delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark grey eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it: her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are." Poor Ailie had been brought to the infirmary to undergo an operation. Chloroform was then unknown, and the operation was necessarily slow. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. When it was over, she stepped gently down from the table on which she had been lying; "then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsied—and in a low, clear voice, begged their pardon if she had behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully, and, resting on James and me, she went to her room, the dog Rab following, and was put to bed." Four days afterwards she fevered, and then, as her brain gave way, "she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads. A little before her death she suddenly sat up in bed, and taking a bed-gown which was lying on it rolled up, she

What
is thy
name?

ALISON.

held it eagerly to her breast, thinking, in her delirium, as her husband divined, that it was her little Mysie, the only child they ever had, and she had been with God for forty years and more !”

I ought to have told you that the name ALISON came from France, between which country and Scotland there was much coming and going several centuries ago. Alison is the same as Héloïse, who was the wife of Abelard, the greatest thinker and theologian of the twelfth century. The story of their love to one another is one of the most affecting in history.

Abelard was born near Nantes in 1079, and died near Chalons in 1142. Héloïse died in 1162 and was buried beside him. But only ninety years ago the ashes of both were brought to Paris, where they now lie in the great cemetery of Père la Chaise.

AMELIA

The
Princess
Amelia.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA was the youngest, and as has often happened in large families, the best and most worthy to be remembered, of the fifteen children of George III. She was born in 1783, and died in 1810. In the records of her father's court we catch a few brief glimpses of her. The etiquette of those days demanded that on the birthday of any member of the royal family all the members of it, as well as all the chief officials of court, should appear in new dresses. On each 7th of August, therefore, we see the Princess full of girlish glee, now in “a robe-coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, and white gloves ;” and now in “a French-grey riding dress with pink lapels, with her beautiful, richly flowing, and shining fair locks all unornamented.” As a child she very early showed a consciousness of her high rank, yet at the same time won all hearts by her captivating manner and her readiness to be easily pleased. The rich and the poor, Solomon tells us, meet together ; the Lord is the Maker of them both. So is it with the children of all ages. Three months ago I heard a boy in Oxford chiding one of the two boys who were playing with him at ‘horses’ for not being restive enough. “Prance,” he said—only he pronounced it in the English fashion, *prounce*—“Prance, I tell you ! Can’t you prance ?” It was while the Princess was playing at this game on one occasion with her attendants, one of them especially delighting her with his gambolling, that, we are told, in came the King. All immediately stopped, and, according to custom, lined up on each side of the room, forming a circle for the King to move in. But the little girl, anxious to resume her play, came up to her favourite attendant and plucking her by the gown, entreated her to play. “Why won’t you play ? Why ? Do, do come and play.” “No, madam,” was the answer ; “we must not disturb the King.” Whereupon she flew to her father and said, “Papa, go !” “What ?” he said. “Go, papa ! you must go away !”

Here is another pretty scene. There was at court, in some capacity or other, an old Mrs. Delany, a friend of the famous Dean Swift. This lady being very ill, the little girl of her own accord, when saying her prayers at her nurse's knee, said, “And, O God, make Lany well again.”

What
is thy
name?

The
Princess
Amelia.

She was never robust and soon showed signs of failing health. When the nation was celebrating her father's jubilee on the 25th October, 1810, she was confined to bed with erysipelas. The King, who was then half blind and only sane at intervals, sent for her physicians four and five times a day, entreating them to tell him truly how it went with her. One day, when he came to see her, she brought out a ring which she had caused to be made—a lock of her hair under crystal set round with diamonds—and saying to him, “Remember me!” pressed it on his finger. That was their last meeting. So great was the King's grief that he passed into that last condition of madness from which he never recovered till his death ten years after.

The Princess, in her time of trouble, wrote some very beautiful and touching lines. Unable either to recall them—for I had never learnt them by heart—or, for the moment, to find any book that contained them, I mentioned my difficulty to an old Lady, upwards of eighty-four, who has helped me with the *Morning Watch* many many a time, and in more ways than I can tell. Taking up her pen, she instantly wrote them down for me, and here they are:—

“Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung,
And proud of wealth, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow or of pain;
Concluding in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were this world only made for me.”

I wonder if any little girl, who reads these words to-day, will learn them, and be able to say them off by heart when this generation, and the next, and the next, even threescore years and ten, shall have passed away.

*I gathered me silver and gold and the
peculiar treasure of kings; and what-
soever mine eyes desired I kept not from
them: and, behold, all was vanity and
vexation of spirit, and there was no
profit under the sun.—Eccles. 2, 11.*

ONE afternoon three weeks ago
I passed three little girls, one
of whom was wearing a neck-
lace. The other two were fingering
it, and one of them was saying with

an emphasis which was no doubt
meant to be enlightening, if not
exactly highly comforting to the
wearer, “*Real* pearls are precious!”
Here is an extract from an old diary,
concerning the Princess Charlotte
Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who
was married to King George III. in
1761, which shows that it is the
preciousness of real pearls which

is one of the greatest sources of trouble that their owners have.

"November 3rd, 1776. In the morning I had the honour of a conversation with the Queen, the most delightful, on her part, I had ever yet been indulged with. It was all upon dress. She told me, with the sweetest grace imaginable, how well she had liked at first her jewels and ornaments as Queen. 'But how soon,' cried she, 'was that over! Believe me, Miss Burney, it is a pleasure of a week—a fortnight at most—to return no more! I thought at first I should always choose to wear them; but the fatigue and trouble of putting them on, and the care they required, *and the fear of losing them*—believe me, in a fortnight's time I longed again for my own earlier dress, and wished never to see them more.' She then still more opened her opinions and feelings. She told me she had never, in her most juvenile years, loved dress and show, or received the smallest pleasure from anything in her external appearance beyond neatness and comfort; yet she did not disavow that the first week or fortnight of being a Queen, when only in her seventeenth year, she thought splendour sufficiently becoming her station to believe she should thenceforth choose constantly to support it. But her eyes alone were dazzled, not her mind; therefore the delusion speedily vanished, and her understanding was too strong to give it any chance of returning."

Let your adorning, therefore, not be that outward adorning of plaiting

the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner, in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves. You know whose words these are? They are the Apostle Peter's, and he was a man who knew the best and greatest woman that the world ever saw—even Mary, the mother of our Lord.



Children that have Something Still to Learn.

No. 5.—The Girl who tries to find out secrets.

THAT is little Nelly Nicholson that is peeping through the key-hole, and she is neither meaning nor doing any wrong. She does it in the very innocence and simplicity of her heart. She hides nothing that she knows or does herself. Indeed, it has never yet occurred to her that people should do anything and not wish to have it known. Poor little lassie! She will find out, by and by, that there are deeds both good and bad that only God and the Holy Angels have a right to see.

It is not only what she sees, it is the new light in which she sees them, that interests her. The key-hole gives them a new setting; it limits the field of vision and makes her see one or two things with all her might; it acts also like the frame of a picture, rounding off, as



well as defining, what she looks at.

One winter in St. Petersburg, a long time ago, they made, as they still do in many places, a great palace of ice. A clever Russian set up a little hut, just big enough to hold one person at a time, and put up a notice at the door—"The Ice Palace to be seen inside as large as life. Admission, One Kopeck."

When the simple passers-by turned in, they found a little hole in the back of the hut, and when they looked through it, they saw the Palace truly, and as large as life, and no wonder, for it was the very Palace itself they were looking at! They could have had a view of it for nothing without going into the hut at all. But it was worth paying

a ha'penny, not only for the laugh which they would have at themselves four-and-twenty hours after when the joke began to dawn on them, but for the view as well. They would get through that little hole an impression of the size and proportions and beauty of the Palace that they never had before.

It is a great thing in life to get a change of point of view. I know a man, a good man, I think one of the best of men, in the very prime of life, though he is a grandfather, and one of his delights, when he reaches the top of a hill in our neighbourhood, is to stoop down and look at the river and sea and mountains and sky from between his legs, the way all boys have done! He makes his friends do it, too, and they all thank him, once they have done it, for the revival of an old experience. It is fine to see things with the fresh eye of a child. One of the great differences between a wise man and a fool is, that the fool won't alter his point of view, and can't be made to see that there are at the very least two—not to say two million million ways—of looking at almost everything.

But little Nelly must learn not to look through key-holes any more. Key-holes are for keys, and not for chubby-cheeked and blue-eyed little girls. There are no shut doors in heaven, because there are no secrets there, but God's will is not yet done on earth as it is in heaven, and so, as long as we are here, we have secrets and doors and locks and keys.

People who are always trying to find out other people's affairs are themselves found out sooner or later. In Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit* there is a character named Pecksniff. And one day Mr. Pecksniff, anxious to find out what was going on in a certain room, put his head down to a key-hole at the end of a dark passage, and the next moment he cried out in anguish, "Oh!" For another gentleman, a Mr. Montague Tigg, was already there before him, with the same purpose in view, and the two heads had been very violently knocked together! I know another story, a true one, that makes one shudder every time one thinks of it. There is a little town I know, in which there is a woman who lost an eye that way many years ago. She was peeping through a key-hole in her neighbour's door, and the neighbour, suspecting it, with a folly that was greater than the crime she sought to punish, thrust a fork through!

As you get older you will sometimes both see and hear things that were never meant for you to know. I am not speaking of crimes and other things which God makes us witnesses of. It is our duty to reveal these, no matter what it may cost us. But I am speaking of things which we have no business either to know or tell. Remember it is a great honour to a girl or a woman when it is said of her, "You can trust her with a secret." And no woman is so completely and so justly distrusted and detested, even by those who listen greedily to her, as the woman who goes about

telling things which she ought not. Leviticus xix. 16: "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people: neither shalt thou stand against the blood of thy neighbour: I am the LORD."

When you grow up and go into situations, as teachers, or shop-girls, or book-keepers, or, as I hope many

of the best and wisest among you will do, as household servants, Never look at any thing that you were not meant to see; never enter a closed room without permission; never even look in at a half-opened door or press or drawer; and never read another person's letters.



The Foolish Pheasants.

THESSE two young pheasants are grumbling sore because, being late-hatched, they have not got on their long tails yet, and it is now the first of September. And they haven't the sense to believe what their mother tells them every day, that the absence of long tails will be the saving of them when the first of

October comes, and all through the shooting season till the third of February. Now, if all goes well, they will be spared till next year, and then they will see, that if they had been born a month earlier, they would have died a year sooner.

That is just the way many girls do. They would like to be grown up and have long dresses. They

would like to be two or three years older than they are. Before very long, when they have found out what life means, they will be saying, "I would give all I have to be one year, ay, one fortnight younger than I am." If you are wise, you will never weary for the time to pass away. There are twelve hours in

the day, no fewer, and no more. Every hour has its own work and its own pleasure. And the hours are all joined together, and if you lose or misspend any one of them, you may, unless God by His grace prevent it, throw all the hours that follow out of joint and out of gear.



Let brotherly love continue.

THE church-bell at Lagavulin, near Port Ellen, Islay, stands on the top of a little hill, and hangs from three pieces of the oak timbers of a ship wrecked in the bay beneath, many years ago. The voice that summons the people round about to the house of prayer every Sabbath is a voice, therefore, not only from sea and land, and earth and sky; it is the voice of dead men as well as the cry of a risen and ever living Lord.

Night and day it hangs there, out against the sky; even when silent, eloquent. As one stands and looks at it, one feels inclined to say, as was said once of a famous statue,

"Hush! it will speak presently."

Under its very shadow there are little children playing hide-and-seek. So is it with us all. Whether we work or play, in the midst of business and in our hours of pleasure, on week days as on Sabbath-days, we have but to lift our eyes, and lo! there is a loving Angel in the way. More loving even than the Angels, there stands the Son of God Himself, regarding us, and beckoning unto us. And when we shut our eyes and turn our backs on Him, we hear the voice of our Great High Priest crying after us, as the Jews of old heard the harmonious bells on the skirt of Aaron's robe.



The Lagavulin Bell.

1	F	Jesus came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up.— <i>Luke 4, 16.</i>
2	S	David said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem.— <i>2 Samuel 23, 15.</i> “O for ten Edinburgh minutes, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, or dear, mysterious Leith Walk!”— <i>R. L. Stevenson's Letters.</i>
3	S	Stir up Thyself, my God and my Lord.— <i>Ps. 35, 23.</i>
4	M	The Lord hath made bare His holy arm.— <i>Is. 52, 10.</i>
5	TU	All that is within me, bless His holy name.— <i>Ps. 103, 2.</i> I once heard the late Professor Bruce of Glasgow say, in a lecture on Psalmody, “That’s the secret of good singing, good speaking, good anything,—‘all that in me is, be stirred up.’”
6	W	If the servant shall say, I love my master.— <i>Ex. 21, 5.</i>
7	TH	My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed :
8	F	I will sing, yea, I will sing praises.
9	S	Awake up, my glory ; I myself will awake right early.— <i>Ps. 57, 7 (R. V.).</i>
10	S	Six days shalt thou labour.— <i>Ex. 20, 6.</i>
11	M	Why stand ye here all the day idle?— <i>Matt. 20, 6.</i>
12	TU	This was the iniquity of Sodom, abundance of idleness.— <i>Ezek. 16, 49.</i>
13	W	Man is of few days.— <i>Job 14, 1.</i> In Krupp’s steel works at Eisen in Germany there is a steam-hammer, named Fritz, built in 1861, they say at the almost incredible cost of £90,000, and on it are these words, “Fritz, sei fleissig,” <i>Fritz, keep busy.</i>
14	TH	Ye were bought with a price : glorify God therefore.— <i>1 Cor. 6, 20 (R. V.).</i>
15	F	Your time is always ready.— <i>John 7, 6.</i>
16	S	Do good, and your reward shall be great.— <i>Luke 6, 35.</i>
17	S	Our citizenship is in heaven.— <i>Phil. 3, 20 (R. V.).</i> “Merchants belong to that country which gives them most profit.”— <i>Saying of Napoleon at St. Helena.</i>
18	M	Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.— <i>Matt. 6, 21 (R. V.).</i>
19	TU	They confessed that they were pilgrims on the earth.
20	W	They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.— <i>Heb. 11, 16.</i>
21	TH	We are fellow-citizens with the saints.— <i>Eph. 2, 19.</i>
22	F	Seek those things which are above.— <i>Col. 3, 1.</i>
23	S	Everyone that hath forsaken brethren, or wife, or lands, for My sake, shall receive an hundredfold.— <i>Matt. 19, 29.</i>
24	S	Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits :
25	M	Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things.— <i>Ps. 103, 5.</i>
26	TU	Take a pot, put an omer full of manna therein, lay it up before the Lord, to be kept for your generations.— <i>Ex. 16, 33.</i>
27	W	We eat the salt of the palace, and it is not meet for us to see the king’s dishonour.— <i>Ezra 4, 14 (R. V.).</i> “Macaulay’s favourite passage in the <i>Almanach des Gourmands</i> was that which prescribes the period, varying from a week to six months according to the goodness of the dinner, during which guests may not speak ill of their host, who has moreover the privilege of chaining their tongues afresh by sending out new invitations before the full time has expired.— <i>G. O. Trevelyan.</i>
28	TH	He that eateth bread with Me hath lifted up his heel against Me.— <i>John 13, 18.</i>
29	F	What shall I render unto the Lord for His benefits toward me?
30	S	I will take the cup of salvation.— <i>Ps. 116, 13.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 10.



Reasons for not going to Church—No. 8.

This lad has not been in church since the middle of July, owing, he says, to a "blistered heel." Yet during that time he has attended four Amateur Athletic Meetings, winning two First Prizes for Steeple-chasing, two Seconds for Hurdle Races, and one First and three Seconds for the Long Jump.

Walking, and leaping, and praising God.
—Acts 3, 8.

ONE of the Reformers says that when he was a boy, there was at the school at Montrose with him "a good number of gentle and honest men's bairns, well trained up in *letters, godliness, and exercise of honest games.*" There could be no better description of a good school than that. "There," he goes on to say, "we had the air good, and fields reasonable near, and by our masters were taught to handle the bow for archery, the club for golf, the batons for fencing, also to run, to leap, to swim, to wrestle, every one having his match and antagonist, both in our lessons and play. A happy and golden time, indeed, if our negligence and unthankfulness had not moved God to shorten it."

Remember that God likes to see a boy playing as well as praying. It grieves Him if you neglect either the one or the other. That is why I am sorry for our friend on the front page. He is a fine fellow in many ways: he neither drinks nor smokes; he never made a bet in his life; and when he enters for any competition he always turns up and does his very best. But I wish he would remember that it is God Who has girded him with strength and made his feet like hinds' feet.

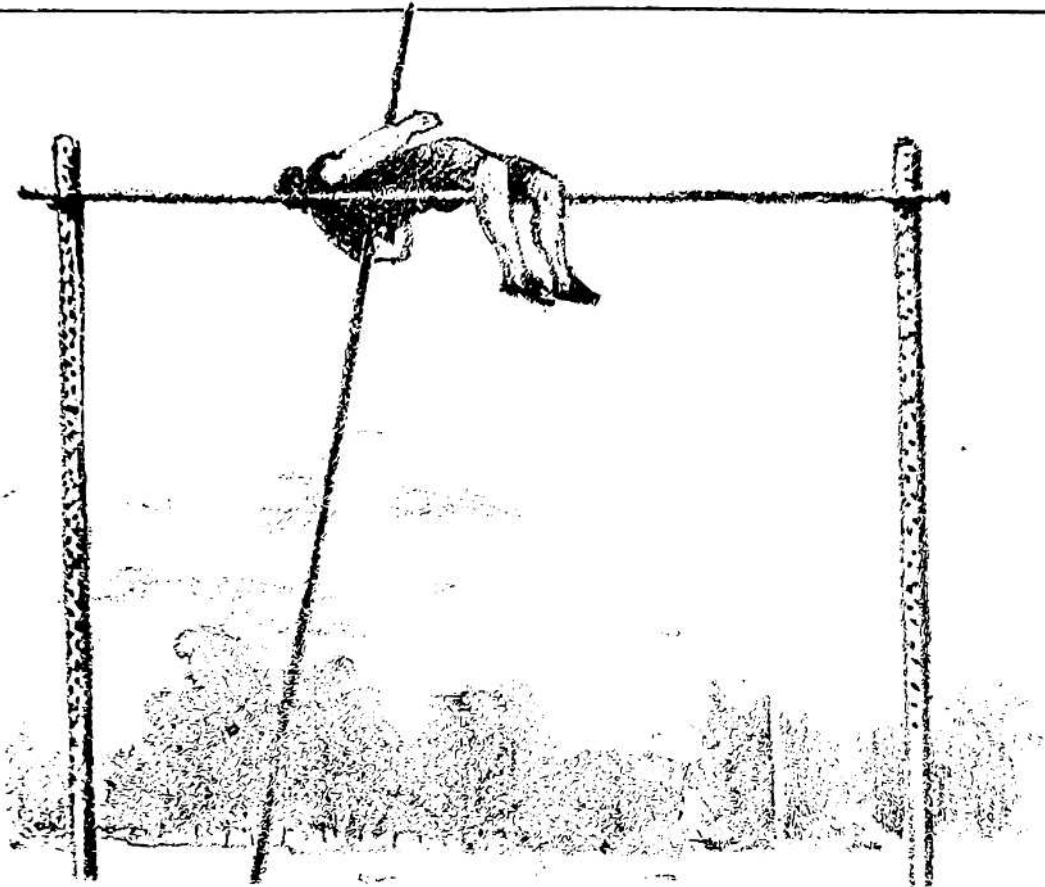
I hope you will all keep up your running and leaping as long as you can. It is a pretty sight to see a boy trying a race with his father and being beat. Farragut, the great American Admiral, used to take a hand-spring on his birthday, even

when he was what we should call an old man. He would take care to do it, however, no doubt, only in the presence of wise men! A hand-spring is, I imagine, standing on one's hands with one's feet in the air. Professor Fleeming Jenkins, a great electrician, used to say he had never learnt anything, not even standing on his head, but he had found a use for it. We ought to keep our bodies pure, and clean, and strong, as temples of the Holy Ghost, ready for any task that He may call us to.*

Another thing that is very likeable about our steeple-chasing friend is this, that he has no objection to be beaten by a better man. He may fail to defeat his opponent, he never fails to cheer him when he steps up to get the prize.

Last July, at the British Amateur Athletic Championship Meeting at Wolverhampton, there were three competitors for the pole-jumping prize. One of them, the champion for the two previous years, had put his pole into the wrong luggage-van when changing stations on his way. Having no doubt, however, that one could easily be got or borrowed at Wolverhampton, he continued his journey. But his two opponents refused to lend him their's, and he had to stand idle and look on. I am sure our friend could never have done such an ungentlemanly thing

* For a fine instance of this, see the account in the *Royal Magazine* for August last of the rescue of Mrs. Grimason at the Falls of Niagara by the Rev. J. Ramsey, LL.B., one of the Reformed Presbyterian Delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Toronto in 1892.



as that. A true sportsman will always do to others as he would like others to do to him. And a lover of his country, instead of being glad that he is superior to all others in anything, will only be sorry that "Sparta has no better man."

Our friend, further, I am glad to say, never forgets his daily business. I had the honour to know one who, for some seasons, was one of our International Rugby players—a lad to whom, on one occasion, Scotland was indebted for a notable victory over England. He was a gentleman in all he did, and to see him play was a lesson in manners. But more beautiful even than his courage, and skill, and gentlemanliness during the game, were his modesty, and humility, and good sense after a victory. "I wish," I have heard

him say more than once, "I wish people wouldn't always speak to me about football. Football's good enough in its way, but it's an awfully small thing compared with some other things." I hope you will all be fond of your games and good at them. But you must not only grow in stature and in strength, but, like our Lord, in wisdom also, and in favour with God and man. Your games are meant to be games, not fights; the recreation, but not the work, of life. But they are meant also to be a preparation for life, and every wise boy will offer up the prayer of the Harrow school song:

God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest
or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the
eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

(Continued from page 101.)

What
is thy
name?

AMELIA

Last month I told you of an AMELIA who was good. I now wish to tell you of an AMELIA of another kind. She is mentioned in a recent book of Memoirs. But I shall not give you her full name, as she must now have been dead for many years, and it seems unfair to say nothing but evil of one who may have turned out well as she grew older. "AMELIA, with her brilliant eyes, was not a plain girl. But she was worse; she was an impudent one, and many many a time I should have liked to ship her off to the Antipodes for the annoyance she caused us." That, with one or two brief references to her unladylike dress, and the loud vulgar giggling of her favourite companion, is all that is said of her. Remember that you are all being noticed and photographed every day though you are not aware of it. Ask God to keep you from awaking here or hereafter to shame and contempt. May it be said of you all, whatever your name may be, "Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee."

ANN.

The name ANN, with its various forms, Anna, Anne, Annie, seems to be the same as the Hebrew HANNAH, which means *grace*, or *favour*. Hence the Reformer James Melville, when dying in 1614, having resolved to put his house in order so long as strength served him, called his children, and lifting himself up both in body and spirit in the bed, declared his will, appointed his eldest son to be in his place as a father to the rest, and left to every one a pledge of his fatherly care and affection. Then, his eldest son having craved for his blessing earnestly, without which all was nothing, he had a speech to every one by way of blessing, "so eloquently and so pertinently, so heartily and in such confidence, as was marvellous to hear." To his daughter ANNA, in special, he wished "humility and meekness; and that, according to her name, *she should insinuate*, that is, ingratiate, *herself in the acceptation and love of all*."

ANNA
MEL-
VILLE.

ANNE
COWPER

ANNE DONNE, wife of the Rev. Dr. John Cowper, chaplain to George II., was the mother of the famous poet William Cowper. He was barely six, and she was only thirty-four, when she died. Yet, fifty years afterwards, he could say, "Not a week passes, perhaps I might say not a day, in which I do not think of her: such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short." It was on the receipt of her portrait that he wrote the poem beginning—

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last—

in which he speaks of "the meek intelligence of thy dear eyes," and recalls the tender memories of

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid.

Cowper's Mother.



What
is thy
name?

LONG
WALK

She was a woman whose family claimed descent by four different lines from Henry III. But, says her son,

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies,

Her epitaph, written by her niece Lady Walsingham, may still be read in Berkhamstead Church. Here are four lines of it :

Here lies, in early years bereft of life,
The best of mothers and the kindest wife;
Who neither knew nor practised any art,
Secure in all she wished—her husband's heart.



Boys that have Something Still to Learn.

No. 6.—The Boy who steps in front of people when they are looking at something.

A great deal may be pardoned to a boy with a basket on his head, but it would have been better if the one in the illustration had gone on the other side of the old man. Had the old man been younger, he, too, should perhaps have stood closer to the window, or else have gone to the very edge of the pavement, if not off it altogether, to let people see that they were not to mind him; but old age has privileges of its own, especially when the contents bills of the newspapers are so interesting, as they now, unhappily, are.

When you are walking on the pavement, you must think of others before yourselves. If anything is to be done ungentlemanly, let it not be done by you. Always give place to women and old men. And if the streets are crowded, and you are walking leisurely, pay attention to those who seem to be in haste, whether they be coming towards you or after you. Make way for them, that the Lord thy God may bless thee.

Every time we walk abroad we have opportunities of showing our good breeding and our love to all men. A good man's steps are ordered, in every sense of the word, by the Lord, and He delighteth in his way. It was while looking at Jesus *as He walked*, that John the Baptist said, Behold, the Lamb of God!

The Forgotten Sheaf.

THE sheaves of wheat, as they leaned on one another in loving embrace, in the stooks that stood in golden rows, were very full of joy one glorious autumn afternoon. Each stalk of grain had been looking forward, at once with hope and fear, to that harvest day. For many a long week the seed had lain as it were in the grave, in the cold and dark, cast out of the land of the living. Then it seemed to rot, as though it would become a thing of shame. And yet it was only its covering, its garment, that rotted away, and even that only when it had served its purpose. Then came the sense of life and the desire to live, and the seed pushed upwards and downwards with all its might. And what a great day that was when the little green blade thrust its head into the open air and saw the sun and sky! But that was a short-lived joy, for when a few hours were past, the sun disappeared, and all was dark again, and the rain fell and the chilly winds blew, and the poor little plant wished it could creep back under the ground again. With the morning its courage revived, and with the second night it fell again. A whole week had passed before it knew that night and day were the ordinance of God. Yet, as the stalk grew, one trial followed another. There were dry east winds and bitter rains, fierce heats and nipping frosts. There were rumours abroad of worms and flies, mildew and rust. The stalks had survived through all, and with the summer

days came strength and beauty. Each plant took notice of its neighbour's loveliness, and could scarce believe its ears—and they were rich in ears—when it heard of the splendour of its own rare colouring, the green, the touch of blue, the deepening yellow and golden red.

Then came one other trial to the field of corn, the last but not the least. When it was fully ripe, there came three days of rain. It looked as if all the pain and suffering and fear, the striving and the growing and the beauty, were to end in nought. But that fear passed away, for the rain clouds disappeared, and the sky was clear once more and a drying wind blew steadily.

Yet, I must say, a great awe fell on the stalks when they saw the reaping-machine and heard the rattle of its knives, and watched their fellows fall headlong in broad swathes. "Would the knives hurt much? Was it a painful thing to die?"

And now it was all past! The pain was over before it was felt, and the stalks had been gathered and lifted up and bound into sheaves by the strong and skilful arms of singing men and women. Now, as they stood gathered into stooks, shocks of corn fully ripe, they were filled with glad surprise and knew not what to say. They could do nothing but embrace. This was the joy of harvest.

And yet they knew they were only at the beginning of the work they had been sent into the world to do. The past was all preliminary. They were to become bread for the

use of man, and how much that meant they could hardly even guess. Stacking, threshing, grinding, baking, firing, eating—all these processes were to be gone through before they could fulfil their destiny. When three days were passed the farmer and all his hands began to "lead," working each day as long as the light served. The fourth day saw the leading finished, and the fields cleared—all but one sheaf! During the afternoon the farmer's little grandson, who had been running about all day, had fallen asleep, and one of the workers had taken a sheaf and laid it for a pillow for the little laddie, in a corner of the field where a hedge sheltered him from the sun. Waking after a time he ran back amongst the workers, and rode in triumph on the top of the last load home. But the poor sheaf was left lying all alone, and utterly forgotten. It had been very proud at being singled out to make a pillow for the child; now it paid dearly for the honour. It could see far off the tops of the stacks in the stading; it could hear the merrymaking of the harvest-home; but there was no more that it could do. A little girl came on it by chance next day and tried to lift it, but became frightened and laid it down again. A minister, going home from visiting, looked at it for a moment, and, hardly knowing he had looked at it, passed on and went his way. And then the weather broke again.

The stalks of corn were greatly downcast, and talked far on into the night with one another. Next day was fair, and hope revived.



The God Who had done so much for them would do still more ! He had delivered them in six troubles ; surely in the seventh no evil would touch them. And so it was, but the answer to their prayers was not quite such as they had hoped for. Deliverance came to them by the mouth, ay, by the very jawbone of an ass. There was an old woman who travelled that part of the country selling dishes. Her donkey had cost her twelve-and-threepence, with three cups and saucers, blue with gold edges, thrown into the bargain. Poor Neddy was very thin, his ribs so manifest and palpable that an engineer had called him a lattice-girder. His mistress, noticing the sheaf, crept into the field and having fetched it out, put it in her cart. That night and next day Neddy had such a supper and breakfast as he had not had for long, and was so overjoyed that he lay four times down on his back, and rolled from side to side with his legs in the air, praising and blessing God. From that day his health and the fortunes of his mistress steadily improved. It was another kind of destiny the sheaf had hoped for, but it could hardly have had a better. To make a poor donkey happy is to do a fine work for God.

But that was not all. On the Friday of that week, the minister of whom I spoke, being in perplexity for a text for the Sabbath afternoon—he had read through two Gospels and four Epistles without finding one—had turned back to Deuteronomy, and there, lighting on the twenty-fourth chapter, a very beauti-

ful one, read these words, "When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it : it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow : that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands." Then he remembered the sheaf he had seen lying in the field, and in one moment he saw he had got his text from God. There were some people, of course, who didn't like the sermon. They didn't wish to like it, and they got their hearts' desire. But there were some others who got great good from it and were made better men and women. One man, a church-goer for forty years, was struck with the tenderness of God. He had a vague idea that Christ loved us, but he had always understood that God the Father, if He did not actually hate men, would have done so if His Son had not compelled Him to yield a little by offering to die for us. The thought that *God* loved the world, and *so* loved the world, was a great discovery to him, and made that day *the* day of his life. Another man in the congregation, whose favourite text was, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost," saw, for the first time, that meanness was as hateful to God as waste. And a third man, who read all the high-class magazines, and understood that the God of the Jews cared nothing for the heathen and thirsted only for their blood, had his eyes opened, too, and saw that all through the Old Testament the God of Israel was the Stranger's

God. And a poor woman, whose husband was but four weeks dead, went home with her three little ones, upborne by the words—"for the fatherless." Another widow, anxious about her boy in London, felt glad at the thought that there was bread enough and to spare in her Father's house. And still another, who was greatly put about because her memory was failing and she was always forgetting things, was cheered by the thought that God has uses even for our forgetfulness. And a shopkeeper, who had once lost a five-pound note when on a visit to Dundee, and had never ceased blaming his wife for not having discovered and mended the hole in his pocket, came home ashamed that afternoon, and told her—she was in ill health and unable to go to church—that he had got some light on the money he had lost four years ago. For the minister had been saying that sometimes, when we lost things, it was only God That had borrowed them for some purpose we didn't know. The money in the fish's mouth was money, perhaps, that some one was annoyed at losing. Yet God had made the man lose it, because our Lord had to pay the tribute, and had no money of His own; and the man would get a blessing for it, because he would have been only too glad to give it to our Lord if he had known that the Lord had need of it. "And what you and I should have done, good wife, was this—we should have prayed that God would let somebody find the money that needed it; I did very wrong in

blaming you, so now I forgive you!"

Perhaps I have told you enough about that sermon, but let me tell you one thing more. There was a lad there that day, a new-comer to the town, who had given up going to church, and hadn't opened his Bible for months. I don't know what brought him there, except that it was the doing of the Lord. Two things struck him. First, the fact that there were so many things in the Bible that were really *interesting*, that had something to do with one's daily life. And secondly, he saw a little boy of seven listening so attentively that he said, "There must be some good people in this church. I must come back again." And come back he did, not only on Sabbaths, but to the prayer meeting on Wednesdays as well. He began to read his Bible, too, and the Bible brought him to Christ. Years after, when he went to Calcutta, he told his new minister there about the text that first made him think about eternal things. And the minister there took to the text also, and preached a far abler sermon from it than the one I have told you about, and a ship captain who was there spoke about it afterwards in Melbourne, and I can't tell you how many sermons since then have been preached on "The Forgotten Sheaf." It seems to me, that while none of the sheaves were forgotten before God, but prospered in the thing whereto He sent them, it was the forgotten sheaf that was remembered most. The others brought forth, some thirty, some sixty, but *it* brought forth an hundred-fold.

1	S	The Lord's Supper.— <i>1 Cor. 11, 20.</i> "In 1570 I received the Communion of the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ first, at Montrose, with a greater reverence and sense in my soul than oft thereafter I could find, in the thirteenth year of my age."— <i>James Melville's Diary.</i>
2	M	The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread ;
3	TU	And when He had given thanks He brake it, and said,
4	W	Take, eat ; this is My body, which is broken for you,
5	TH	This do in remembrance of Me.
6	F	This cup is the new covenant in My blood. (<i>R. V.</i>)
7	S	For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come. (<i>R. V.</i>)
8	S	I am Thine.— <i>Ps. 119, 94.</i>
9	M	The day is Thine.— <i>Ps. 74, 16.</i> "I told Miss Baker the Queen was waiting for me, but she evidently could not conceive that it would be of any consequence whether I went ten minutes sooner or later. To know the value of ten minutes it is needful, and sufficient, to reside in a Court."— <i>Madam D'Arblay's Diary.</i>
10	TU	Are not man's days like the days of an hireling?— <i>Job 7, 1.</i>
11	W	To every man his work.— <i>Mark 13, 34.</i>
12	TH	I am a man set under authority.— <i>Luke 7, 8.</i>
13	F	Gabriel being caused to fly swiftly.— <i>Dan. 9, 21.</i>
14	S	Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.— <i>Matt. 6, 10.</i>
15	S	With the merciful, Thou wilt show Thyself merciful ;— <i>Ps. 18, 25.</i>
16	M	And with the perverse Thou wilt shew Thyself froward. (<i>R. V.</i>)
17	TU	Nabal was churlish ;— <i>1 Sam. 25, 3.</i>
18	W	Such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him.
19	TH	Without natural affection, implacable.— <i>2 Tim. 3, 3 (R. V.)</i> "Above all things mark the sulky, morose man and turn him out of the regiment."— <i>Sir Harry Lumsden, K.C.S.I., who raised the Guides, a famous Indian cavalry regiment.</i>
20	F	Gentle, easy to be intreated.— <i>Jas. 3, 17.</i>
21	S	These men are peaceable with us.— <i>Gen. 34, 21.</i>
22	S	Jesus said unto him, Honour thy mother.— <i>Mark 10, 18.</i>
23	M	Despise not thy mother when she is old.— <i>Prov. 23, 22.</i>
24	TU	A generation that does not bless their mother.— <i>Prov. 30, 11.</i>
25	W	I am the son of Thine handmaid.— <i>Ps. 116, 16.</i>
26	TH	Tell it to the generation following.— <i>Ps. 48, 13.</i>
27	F	God is in the generation of the righteous.— <i>Ps. 14, 5.</i>
28	S	One generation goeth, and another generation cometh.— <i>Ecc. 1, 4.</i> Lieut. Peary, the American Arctic explorer, dedicates his book, <i>Northward over the Great Ice</i> , "To the Two who link me with the Past and Future, my Mother and my Daughter."
29	S	Jesus said, I have compassion on the multitude.— <i>Matt. 15, 32.</i>
30	M	Lovers of self.— <i>2 Timothy 3, 2.</i> "I was shocked when I read to-day of a mandarin who has beheaded a thousand people in a batch. A little after I cut one of my fingers. I grieve to say that I thought so much about the finger that I quite forgot the massacred Chinamen!"— <i>Lord Macanlay.</i>
31	TU	Himself took our infirmities, and bare our diseases.— <i>Matt. 8, 17.</i>

November, 1899.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. II.



The Soldier's Grandmother.

Vols. I. to VIII. (1888-95) are out of print, but Vols. IX., X., and XI. (1896, 97, 98), may still be had. Price One Shilling each. Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Son.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation.—Ps. 51, 14.

JAMES MELVILLE the Reformer tells us that when he was a boy at school he committed two great faults. One evening, while he was playing "negligently and bairnly" with a candle in his hand, he set on fire the rushes with which the school-room floor was covered—by way of carpet—in the winter. "And we had all ado to put it out with our feet." The other fright he got was this. "Being molested by a con-disciple (classmate), who cutted the strings of my pen-and-ink-horn with his pen-knife,* I minting (pointing) with my pen-knife to his legs to fley (frighten) him, he feared, and lifting now one leg, now the other, rushed on his leg upon my knife, and struck himself a deep wound in the shin, quhilk was a quarter of a year in curing. In the time of the trying of this matter, my master, a learned, honest, kind man, whom for thankfulness I name, Mr. Andro Miln, saw me so humble, so feared, so grieved, yield so many tears, fasting and mourning in the school all day, that he said he could nocht find in his heart to punish me further. But my righteous God let

* The small knife used for making and mending pens, which in those days were made only of the quills of birds; Latin, *penna*, a feather.

me not slip that fault, but gave me a warning and remembrance what it was to be defiled with blood, howbeit negligently; for within a short space after, I had caused a cutler, new come to the town, to polish and sharp the same pen-knife, and had bought a penny-worth of apples, and cutting and eating the same in the Links, as I put the chieve (shave, slice), in my mouth, I began to leap up upon a little sandy brae, having the pen-knife in my hand. I fell, and therewith struck myself an inch deep in the inward side of the left knee, even to the bone, whereby the equity of God's judgment and my conscience struck me so, that I was the more ware of knives all my days."

Most of us, most boys at any rate, have had similar warnings in our childhood about the sacredness of life and the awfulness of shedding blood. Some day when we were wrestling, or fighting in fun or in earnest, we gave our companion a fall or a blow that threatened to end seriously. Or perhaps we threw a stone which cut a child's head, or almost put out its eye, and some of the bitterness of the agony through which we passed as we feared we

"Had lost the boy that played
at ball with me"

remains with us to this day. It was God bringing home to us in His love the story that we had cried over so often in our infancy of Cain and Abel.

It is a very fearful thing, that cry of a brother's blood from the

ground. I hope that, so long as our war with the Boers lasts, you will beseech God morning and evening, and now and again through the day, to bring it quickly to an end if it be His holy will. Pray specially for all those that are to die upon

the field of battle, whether friends or foes, that God may not take them to Himself till they be ready. And pray, too, for all wives and mothers and children that take up every newspaper, and wait for every post, with a beating heart.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

(Continued from page 113.)

What
is thy
name?

ANNE
LADY
ELCHO.

LADY ANNE ELCHO, daughter of the Duke of Queensberry, and wife of David, afterwards Earl of Wemyss, died February 22, 1700. Nine or ten days before, while she was on her knees engaged in secret prayer between five and six in the morning, a live coal fell on her dress and set it on fire. Her face and hands, and all the upper part of her body were dreadfully burnt. According to one account her eyes were destroyed. In the midst of her sufferings she spoke much in commendation of God's goodness and mercy. "These burnings are indeed very severe, but I have no reason to complain, since they are not the everlasting burnings which I deserve." She often cried, "O come, sweet Jesus!" and once, with much affection and tenderness she said, "O He is come in the twinkling of an eye! He is come!" She would have liked to live, she said, to see that her two little boys—she had been only a few years married—were brought up in the fear of God. She charged her husband very solemnly to bring them up as Presbyterians. A few months previously she had seen, for the first time in her life, the Scottish mode of observing the Lord's Supper, and had been greatly touched by it. She had designed to partake of it on the earliest opportunity, and it was no little trial to her that God had disappointed her. It was a great joy to her at the last to know that her husband, Lord Elcho, had given orders that the salt pans on his estates should be no longer worked on the Sabbath day. Once, during these days of great suffering, when she was advised to try to rest a little, "What!" she replied, "shall I rest when I have my salvation to work out?" The well known Mr. Halyburton was much with her towards the last. "Will Christ ever come to such a one as I am?" she said one day to him. To which he replied, "If you are willing to come to Him, He is willing to come to you;" whereupon she answered with great fervency, "O I fly, I fly, I fly!"

Mrs.
Hort.

The late eminent Greek scholar, Dr. Hort, Hulsean Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and one of the best known of the New Testament Company of Revisers, had for his mother ANNE COLLET, the daughter of a Suffolk minister, and a descendant of Dean Collet. On one occasion, it is told in her son's *Life*, during some flitting of

What
is thy
name?

the family, she was found sitting with her eldest son on a roll of carpet, going through his appointed lessons for the day! That is the kind of mother whose sons turn out to be scholars.

MISS
CLOUGH

MISS ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH—I should almost have kept her in reserve till I come to the name Jemima, there are so few Jemimas! but so much may happen before that time comes—sister of Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, was the first Principal of Newnham, the well-known Ladies' College at Cambridge. Women, so far as higher education was concerned, were treated with contempt in our country till within the last thirty years. It is to Miss Clough and a few brave men, and still braver women, that we owe the great change in this respect that has happily taken place.

From her earliest youth she determined to live to some purpose. On her twenty-first birthday, in 1841, she wrote in her diary: "O Lord, I desire with all my heart and soul to do Thy will. I am often tired and weary of working, but I will try never to stop. If it is Thy gracious pleasure, I should desire to be able to do great things; if not—as seemeth best to Thee, O God." In the same year she said: "I care not for honour or praise if I could only really do something to benefit my fellow creatures. If I were a man, I would not work for riches or to leave a wealthy family behind me; I would work for my country, and make its people my heirs." Thirty years afterwards she had the joy of seeing Newnham College no longer regarded as an experiment, but occupying an established position in the country. To a friend who was impatient for happiness she once remarked: "I had to wait for my happiness till I was fifty." But before that time came she had a hard, hard struggle. "In looking back," she said in her old age, "it seems to me that one of the great things I have to be thankful for is, that I was able to be very silent about what happened. Many difficulties were constantly arising about society matters and the conduct of students, but I was for the most part silent, and did not either speak or write about these matters; so they passed over." One of her greatest triumphs was the success of one of her students, Miss Philippa Fawcett, daughter of Mr Henry Fawcett, who, though blind, was Postmaster-General of Britain from 1880 till his death in 1884. Miss Fawcett, in her twenty-second year, in 1890, was placed above the Senior Wrangler in the annual University Examination in Mathematics—an attainment which to our forefathers would have seemed simply impossible. At an impromptu feast got up to celebrate the occasion, Miss Clough proposed Miss Fawcett's health, and said: "I hope, my dears, it will be a lesson to you all to go to bed early."

Miss Clough died in February, 1892. In her will she left instructions about her burial, in the event of bad weather, adding, "It would be a grievous thing if anyone were to get ill at my funeral."

PRIN-
CESS
ANNE.

ANNE, third daughter to Charles I., died 8th December, 1640. "She was," says Dr. Thomas Fuller, "a very wise lady above her age, and died in her infancy when not full four years old. Being minded by

What
is thy
name?

those about her to call upon God even when the pangs of death were upon her, 'I am not able,' she said to Mrs. Conant, one of her rockers, 'I am not able to say my long prayer'—meaning the Lord's Prayer—'but I will say my short one—Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.' This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost."

LADY
SPRAG-
GE.

But just as the Apostle John, whose name means *the grace of God*, was a Son of Thunder, so there have been some daring as well as some gentle Annies. ANNE CHAMBERLAYNE, for example, when she was only three-and-twenty, served for six hours on board a fireship, under her brother's leadership, against the French in a fight off Beachy Head in June, 1690. She married Sir John Spragge a few months afterwards, and died in October, 1691. Her epitaph, in describing her great exploit, speaks of her as *Dum virgo, dum virago*, which has been translated, *Maid, manly-made*.

ANN
GLEN-
VILLE.

Another Annie, of humbler birth, ANN GLANVILLE, had a victory over the French in more recent times. She got up a boat's crew of women at Saltash in Cornwall, took them over to Cherbourg, and, pulling stroke herself, helped them to beat the best French crew that could be found there!

THERE died last year in London, at the age of seventy-six, a well-known English journalist named Thomas Walker. It was under his editorship, from 1859 to 1868, that the London *Daily News* became a power in the land. Italy was then struggling for independence, and the Northern States in America were fighting the cause of the slave. Mr. Walker helped to keep our country right in the former subject, and to put it right, when it went astray, on the latter. He was a carpenter till his twenty-fourth year, but "a very cormorant" for knowledge from his boyhood. Determined to be a journalist, he read the best books in our language over and over again, and taught himself German and shorthand. Then, when he thought himself in some measure prepared for news-

paper work, he advertised for a situation in the *Times*. But, first, he made, and wrote down, three resolutions:

1. To refuse no position, however humble, provided it could be honestly accepted.
2. To profess less than he could perform.
3. To perform more than he promised.



Are the consolations of God too small for thee? Job 15, 11. R.V.

DR. JOHNSON once said of a rich lady who gave way to unrestrained grief when her husband died, "Sir, she would not have cried her eyes out had she been a poor washerwoman with six hungry little children to support."

Of another great lady we are told, that, when her husband, the fourth

Duke of Beaufort, died in 1756, she shut herself up in a room hung with black, and refused all comfort. A good man, a Quaker, having occasion to see her, found her utterly disconsolate, sitting in the gloom, in the deepest mourning. "What!" said he, after he had looked at her for a little, "hast thou not forgiven God Almighty yet?"



Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of the fruits of the sun, and for the precious things of the growth of the moons, and for the precious things of the everlasting hills.
—Deut. 33, 14 (R.V.)

DOESN'T it seem odd that such a little house as that should need to have so huge a stack of peats for its winter fuel? But one has to keep in mind that peat is very light and bulky, and many months may pass before any more of it can be cut and dried; and besides, the house is high up among the hills, and is very cold and damp. Yet the forethought of the people who live in it—Hector M'Gugan and his wife and her mother and five children—great as it is, almost absurdly great, is as nothing to the forethought of God Who made the big moss, half-a-mile away, from which the peats were dug. Peats, as you may know, are plants or other vegetable matter more or less decomposed by moisture. The plants themselves perhaps took years to grow, the bog took centuries to form, and man burns in a few minutes what God took all that time to make, and God is well-

pleased! For He loves us, and He made these things and all other things, and Heaven itself for the use of man.

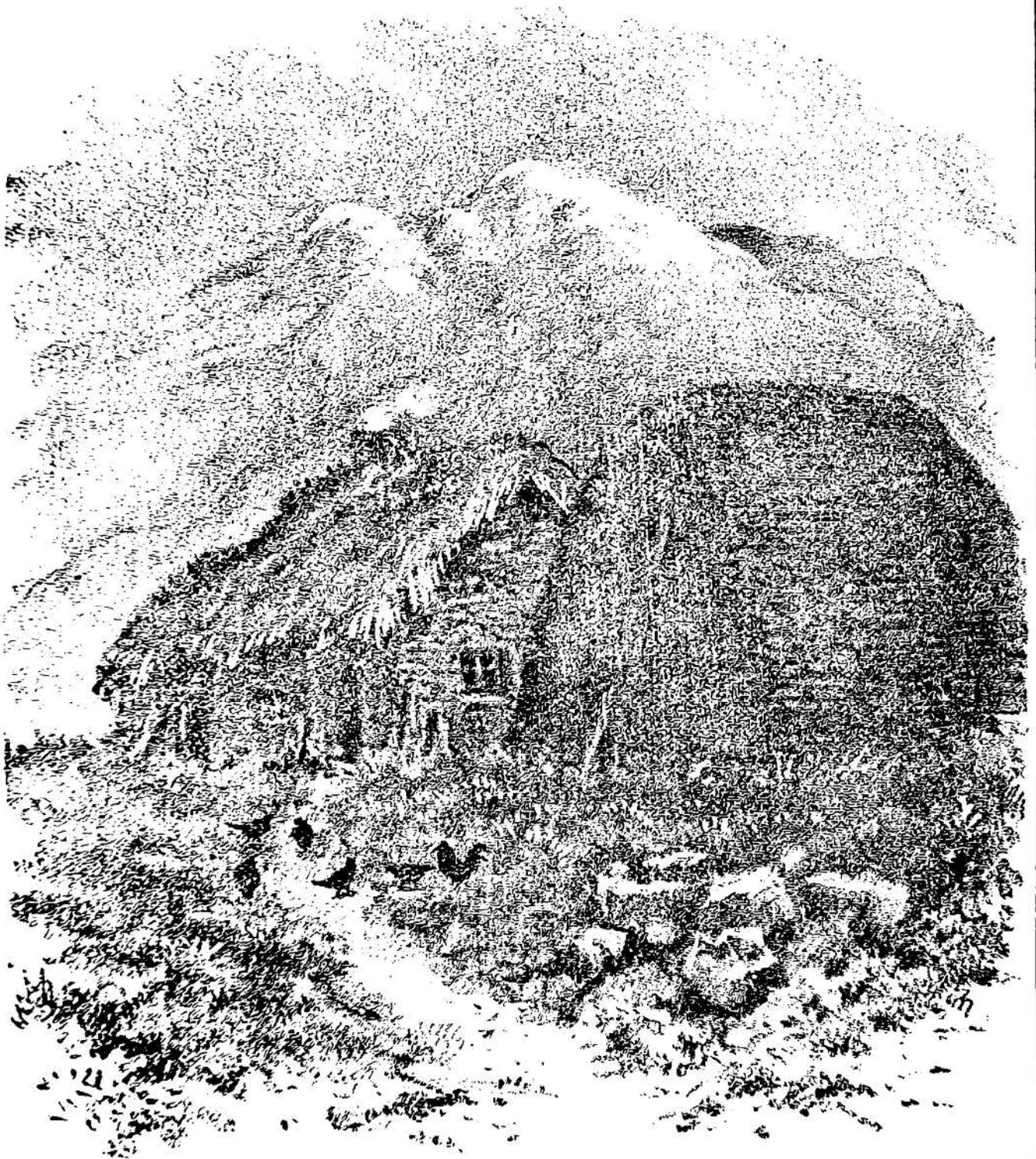
God gives us our bread day by day, but the bread has been on the road for a thousand years. If one only knew how hard and how long and how lovingly He has been working over every meal we eat would we not thank him, when we ask a blessing to our food, far more earnestly and joyfully than we do? No wonder the two disciples at Emmaus knew our Lord when He broke the bread. No man ever asked such blessings and gave such thanks as He.

We smile at the great heap of peats. But what would we say if we saw all that God has laid up in store for us ourselves for all the years that are before us—the food, the clothes, the friends, the mercies we do not foresee, the greater ones we cannot even dream of—all these, and Christ besides! For from of old men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen a God beside Thee, Which worketh for him that waiteth for Him. For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.



Viz.

DR. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died in 1866 at the age of seventy-two—he was thrown from his horse



—seemed like Solomon to know everything. Sir John Herschel the astronomer said of him, that a more

wonderful variety and amount of knowledge in almost every department of human enquiry was perhaps

never in the same interval accumulated by any man. When he was sixteen and was already following his father's trade, that of joiner, in his native town Lancaster, he was urged by the headmaster, who had been struck by his intelligence, to attend the Grammar School. The first book put into his hand was Lindley Murray's Grammar, the first sentence of which runs thus: "English Grammar is divided into four parts, viz., Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, Prosody." In repeating his lesson, a little after, he pronounced the word *viz.* exactly as it is spelled, and was greatly humiliated at being told to go to the youngest boy in the school and ask him the meaning of the word. The youngest boy, six years of age, was Richard Owen, afterwards Sir Richard, the famous zoologist. He it was who, being handed a bone that had been found in New Zealand, pronounced it after examination to be the bone of some extinct kind of bird whose shape and size he put down on paper. Some years after, a complete skeleton of the bird was found which corresponded in every particular with the sketch which Professor Owen had constructed from his imagination. I do not know if, as a boy, he was equally good at building up odd forgotten words out of their remains, but he would know this at least, that *viz.* meant *namely*. It stands for the Latin adverb *videlicet*, which means *manifestly, clearly*, and that again is made up of two words, *videre, to see, licet, it is allowable or it is easy*.

Now if the word *viz.* were capable of having feelings like a human being, this would be its first grievance, that it is called *namely*, and there is no *n*, or *a*, or *m*, or *e*, or *l*, or *y* in it! It is verily "translated" when it is pronounced.

But a second grievance would be this, that it is not even rightly spelled when it is printed viz. It has no right to the letter *z*.

In the Middle Ages, before the invention of printing, when books had to be written by hand, men used abbreviations largely to save time and labour and parchment. The word *et*, for instance, which is the Latin word for *and*, was generally written ;, the period representing *e*, the comma below it being the remains of the letter *t*. Our letter &, as might be seen from its original shape in old-fashioned books, was the ordinary way of writing *et*. After a time the semi-colon (;) came to stand for a number of other contractions, and so vi; stood for *videlicet*, and o; for ounce. But when ; was written without lifting the pen, as you may see by experiment for yourselves, it became something like 3 and that again finally became *z*. One can't help feeling sorry for poor *z*. But it is one of the laws of the universe that from him which hath not, that is, which doesn't use what God has given him, shall be taken away even that which he hath. In a number of Scotch words and names, such as *assoilzie, Dalzell, Menzies*, the *z* is simply a mistake. It represents an old way of writing *y*, and these words are therefore to

be pronounced assoilye, Dalyell, Menyies. You see how much history there may be in a little mistake, and you see how important any *jot* or any *tittle*, that is, the smallest letter and the smallest part of any letter, may be. And if that be so in man's words, how much more so in every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

But the most curious thing of all is, that the word *viz.* which was meant to explain things is very often to children and others the only word in a sentence that needs itself to be explained. I have heard one of the cleverest and wisest men I ever knew say that when he was a little boy and read on a board in the market place of his native town—"The following charges must be paid by all persons bringing cattle and sheep for sale, *viz.*"—he often wondered what that strange word meant. I think he would have laughed had he been told that it was a Latin word which originally implied that something was easy to see! Yet that is the way very often with human things. They do the very opposite of what men expect them to do. So one has heard of fire-engines that took on fire, of razors that were made not for shaving but for selling, of life-belts sold by Jews that sank when they had been only a few minutes in the water. I have myself known a good man, a better man than inventor, who constructed a life-boat which capsized in the course of his experiments and nearly drowned him in a mill dam in thirty inches of water! It is only God

Who can say, as He looks at all that He has made and done—"And behold it was very good." The use of *viz.* is often at best what God calls in the book of Job a hiding of counsel by words without knowledge. There is really little need for it in our language after all. It is a cumbrer of the ground, cut down already to the merest stump, but, perhaps, better uprooted altogether. I don't know whether they still divide Grammar into four parts or not—I hope they don't—but if they do, it is surely quite enough to say, "Grammar is divided into four parts: Orthography, Etymology, Syntax. Prosody." And though curiously enough it was the word *viz.* that began a life-long friendship between Dr. Whewell and Sir Richard Owen, I think two such minds would have soon found each other out in any case.



THE Right Hon. Sir George Grey, K.C.B., who died last year, the man who brought the war with the Maoris to an end, was once taking ship at Sydney to return to New Zealand, of which colony he was then Governor. A great multitude of people had streamed forth to bid him good-bye, and he had to walk down their ranks to the steamer.

"As I was stepping on board"—so he told the story to Mr. James Milne, who has written his Life—"I noticed a lad smoking a cigarette." (Here let me remark, that even if it is a right thing to smoke, it is bad manners to do it in presence of

one's superior, or on any great or solemn occasion. When John Bright visited Glasgow in 1866—it was then he made the speech that began with the words, "Citizens of no mean city"—there was a great procession, the greatest ever seen in Scotland, in support of Reform, but the effect of it was greatly marred by the number of men who were smoking in the ranks. "Men who have pipes in their mouths," it was remarked by onlookers at the time, "somehow do not look as if they were in earnest.")

But to resume—and perhaps I have erred in manners myself in interrupting a speaker—"I noticed a lad smoking a cigarette. Being near him, I remarked quietly, 'what a pity it is to see a bright boy like you smoking!

You are very young to smoke. I am sure if you will consider the expense it will lead you into, and perhaps the injury to your health, you will *not* smoke.'

"He looked up at me for a minute as if thinking, and then saying, 'I'll never smoke again,' threw the cigarette from him. By this time the crowd had noted what was happening, and they cheered the lad again and again, much, I'm afraid, to his confusion. Now, wasn't it a nice thing for a boy to do? It pleased me wonderfully."



**A Boy that has Something Still
to Learn.—No. 7.**



Reasons for not going to Church—No. 9.

This young person was not at church the Sabbath before last, "because her new winter hat was not ready." It came last Saturday night, however, to her great joy, a little girl of ten, who had other two boxes to deliver, handing it in at twenty minutes past eleven. She wore it at church on Sabbath forenoon, but did not go back in the afternoon, because another girl in church, whom she never spoke to, and wouldn't speak to for worlds, had one trimmed the very same way!

1	W	It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.— <i>Heb. 10, 31.</i> This verse was quoted three times by Cromwell when dying.
2	TH	Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?— <i>Ps. 24, 3.</i>
3	F	The foolish, when they took their lamps, took no oil.— <i>Matt. 25, 3 (R. V.)</i>
4	S	They that were ready went in to the marriage.— <i>v. 10.</i> Richard Cameron, the Covenanter, before the fight at Ayrsmoss in which he fell, 20th July, 1680, "prayed a short word, wherein he repeated thrice over, 'Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe.'"
5	S	In God is my salvation and my glory.— <i>Ps. 62, 7.</i>
6	M	The rock of my strength,
7	TU	And my refuge is in God. This was the favourite verse of Major Douglas-Halkett, 4th Light Dragoons, known as the "Father of his regiment," who fell in the Charge at Balaklava. When last seen he was lying fearfully wounded, holding out some bank notes to his men, saying, "Take them for the wives and widows at home."
8	W	He that is valiant, whose heart is as the heart of a lion.— <i>2 Sam. 17, 10.</i>
9	TH	It is God That girdeth me with strength.— <i>Ps. 18, 32.</i>
10	F	Goliath had an helmet of brass upon his head.— <i>1 Sam. 17, 5.</i>
11	S	Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.— <i>Ps. 140, 7.</i>
12	S	The battle is the Lord's.— <i>1 Sam. 17, 47.</i>
13	M	Thou comest with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield :
14	TU	But I come in the Name of the Lord of Hosts.— <i>v. 45.</i> "I make it a rule, after reading to the men the orders of the guard, to warn them against swearing. To my great delight, all the time I have been on duty, I did not hear one oath."— <i>Captain Hedley Vicars</i> , who was killed in the trenches in the Crimean war.
15	W	Cornelius, the centurion, one that feareth God.— <i>Acts 10, 22.</i>
16	TH	The Name of the Lord is a strong tower.— <i>Prov. 18, 10.</i>
17	F	Our God is able to deliver us. But if not——. <i>Dan. 3, 17.</i>
18	S	Though He slay me, yet will I wait for Him.— <i>Job 13, 15 (R. V.)</i>
19	S	Fear not them which kill the body,— <i>Matt. 10, 28.</i>
20	M	But are not able to kill the soul. The last words of Zwingli, the Swiss Reformer, who was killed fighting against the Roman Catholic Cantons, 10th October, 1531.
21	TU	Fear Him, Which after He hath killed hath power to cast into hell.— <i>Luke 12, 5.</i> Text on the grave of Sir Robert Newman, who was stabbed to death by the Russians when lying wounded, 25th October, 1854.
22	W	Yea, I say unto you, Fear Him.
23	TH	I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ;— <i>Rev. 20, 12.</i>
24	F	And books were opened—(<i>R. V.</i>)
25	S	And the dead were judged according to their works.
26	S	Scatter Thou the people that delight in war.— <i>Ps. 68, 30.</i>
27	M	O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places.— <i>2 Sam 1, 25.</i> Colonel Dalrymple White, when he and his men were fighting a Russian regiment hand-to-hand, noticed a fair-haired lad of seventeen, and saw, in spite of his common grey cloth overcoat, that he was of gentle blood. "He looked like an Eton boy." "The boy fought with great bravery ; but it was well if he had no mother, for before the fight ended he fell, his youthful head cloven in two."
28	TU	O ye women, teach your daughters wailing,— <i>Jer. 9, 20.</i>
29	W	For death is come up, to cut off the young men from the streets.
30	TH	He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.— <i>Ps. 46, 9.</i>

December, 1899.

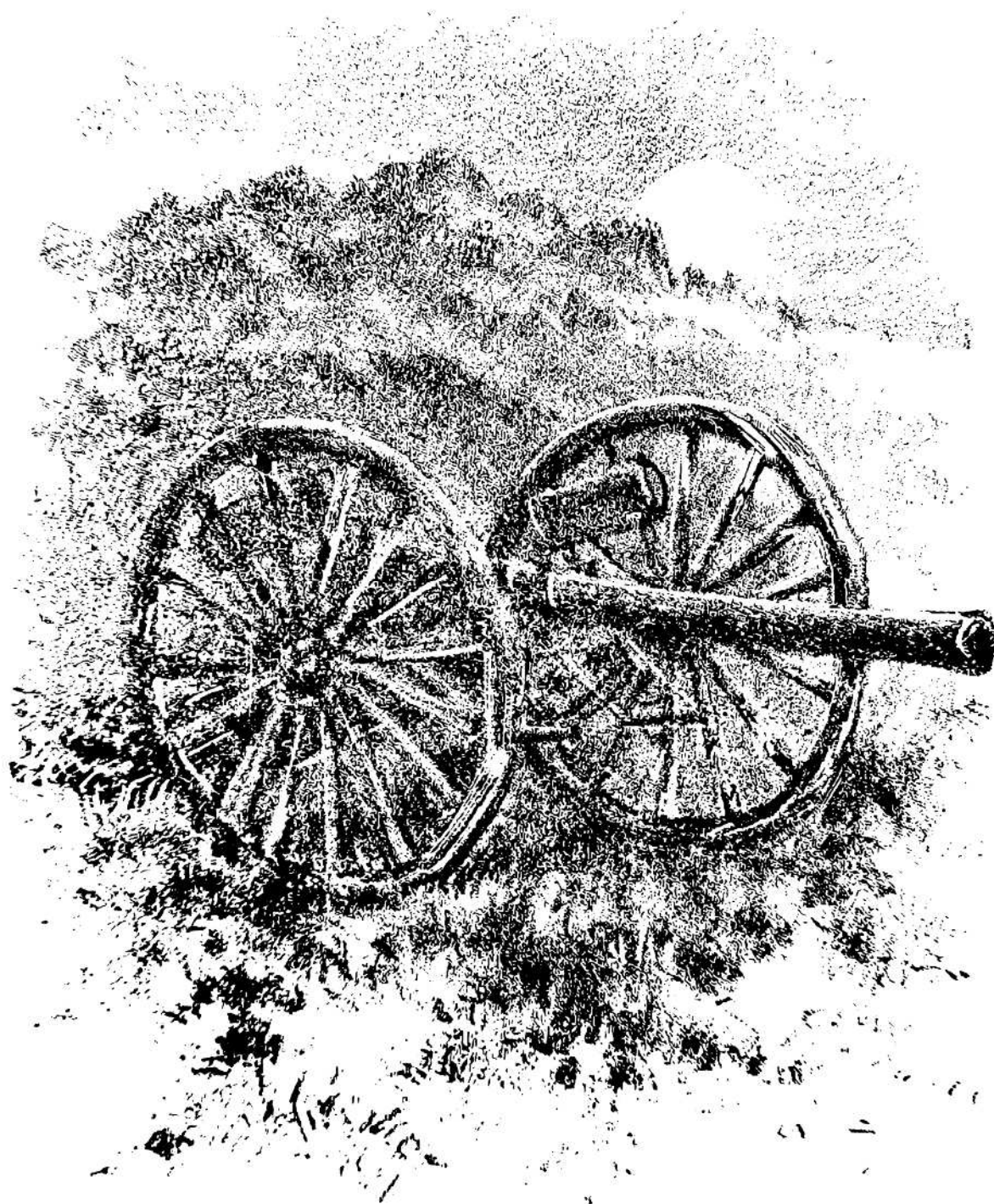
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XII.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 12.



Abandoned.

"The Morning Watch" for 1899, being Volume XII., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

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The battle is not yours, but God's.—
2 Chron. 20, 15.

"TO eliminate all chances of failure from war is impossible. When you have done your best, have brought your army to the scratch under the most favourable conditions of time and place, the men and horses well fed, all ranks inspired with a feeling of absolute confidence in the result, you will still in your heart, if you know war well, realise how uncertain is the game after all. When about to engage you may have the utmost confidence in yourself and in the daring valour and battle-training of your men, but in your heart you will acknowledge to yourself that,

after all, the result must rest with the God of battles. The smooth stone from the brook may again destroy the giant and disconcert his confident army. A sheeplike panic may at any moment ruin the most ably conceived plan of attack, and put an end to the most reasonably formed anticipation of victory.

. . . A thunderstorm with heavy rain may entirely upset the best-laid scheme; an accidental grit in the eye, or any violent and excruciating ache, may incapacitate the ablest commander at the most critical moment of an action. A cyclone or very violent storm may send to the bottom the whole fleet upon whose protection the country had reckoned. Although without doubt success generally attends upon military genius, no matter how clever the plan, or with what foresight it may have been devised, defeat is still always possible."—*Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief.*

What is Thy Name?—GEN. xxxii. 27.

(Continued from page 125.)

What
is thy
name?

ANN,
LADY
RAE-
BURN.

Ann Street, in Edinburgh, to the south of the Water of Leith, is named after Lady Raeburn, on whose property it was built. She was the daughter of a Scotch laird and became the wife of a French Count. Having returned to Edinburgh after her husband's death, she presented herself one day at the studio of Henry, afterwards Sir Henry, Raeburn, the great painter, to sit for her portrait. He at once recognised her as the lady by whose look he had been so much struck, while on a sketching expedition some years before, that he had introduced her likeness into a little drawing he had made at the time. A mutual affection now entered into both their hearts, "as a conqueror enters a surprised city," and they were married shortly afterwards. So wondrously does God guide our steps, so graciously does He set the solitary in families.

What
is thy
name?

MISS
ANN
COOPER.

MISS ANN COOPER was married in 1700 to Francis Chantrey, a member of the family to which the famous Sir Francis belonged. Mr. Holland, in his *Memorials of the Sculptor*, mentions that he had seen a pocket Bible of hers, on the fly-leaf of which were written these lines :

Ann Chantrey—Her Book.
If it be lost, and you it find,
I pray that you will be so kind
As to restore it me again,
And I'll reward you for your pain.

Most boys have written in their school-books rhymes as poetical, but not so gracious as those ; only, I imagine, we wrote them not with any overwhelming anxiety lest we should lose our books, or any consuming desire to find them if they should be lost, but because it made us feel brave to threaten, from a safe distance, the imaginary desperado who, we hoped, might steal them ! We thought no boy so much to be envied as he who, "having lost his books," sat on a form most of the day by himself, smiling, and playing at the "nine o's." But he and we alike forgot that to do no lessons to-day means, at least, a double task to-morrow.

MISS
ANN
LONG.

MISS ANN LONG, a friend of Dean Swift's, a person of "great virtue, sweetness, and generosity of temper," was reckoned by many the most beautiful woman of her time. The Earl of Wharton, who was esteemed a judge in such matters, wrote of her that she was

With eternal beauty blest,
Ever blooming, still the best.

Yet when she died in 1711, she was only thirty. Her death, it was said, was concealed for a time, as her brother did not wish to be put to the expense of buying mourning or of bringing her body from the country up to London.

HON.
MRS.
VANE.

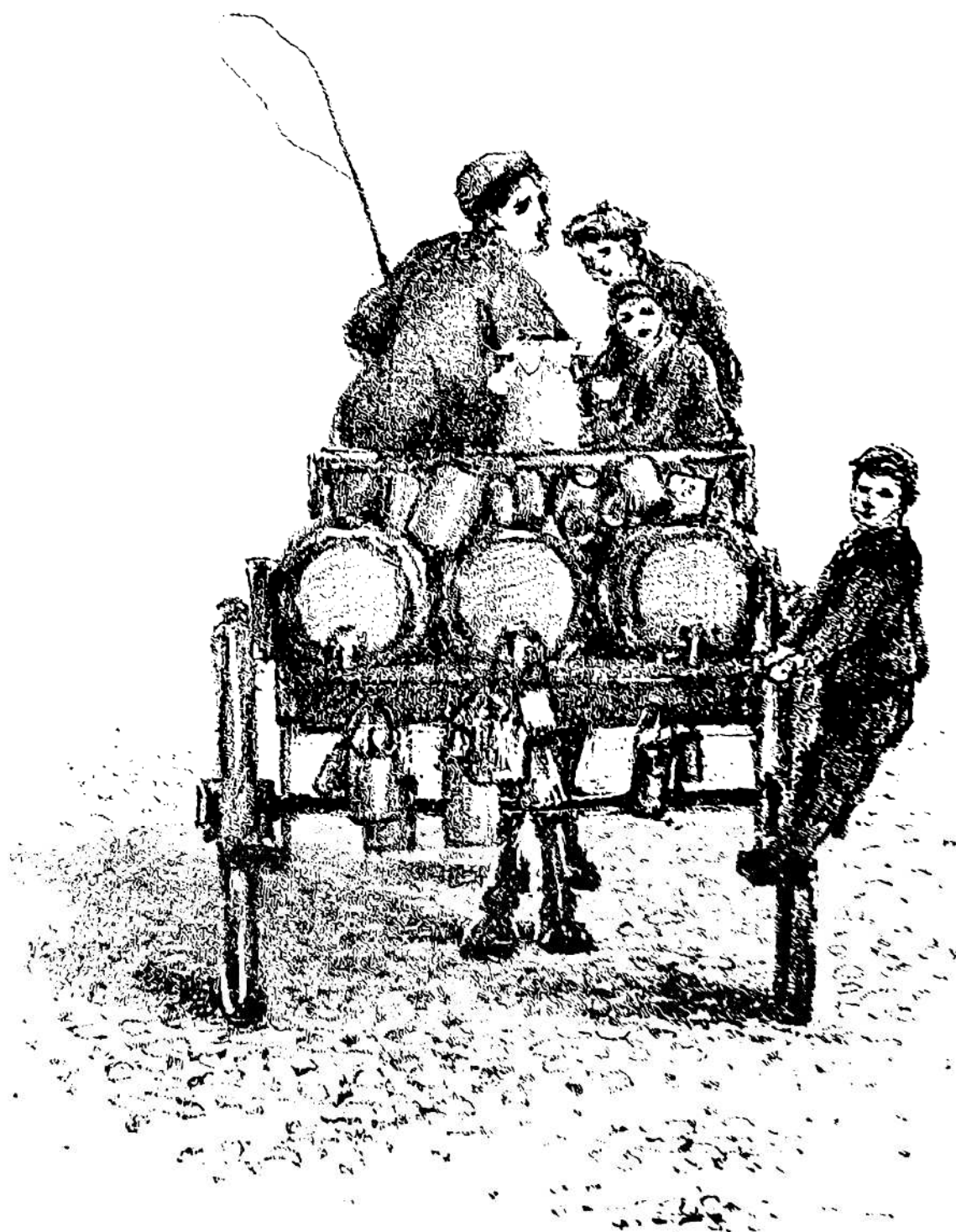
THE HON. MRS. VANE, daughter of Lord Barnard, was another Ann whose comeliness brought her little joy. She is referred to in Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes* :

The mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face ;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring ;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.

Her beauty falls betrayed, despised, distressed,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

ANNE
PRINGLE

Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a gentleman by birth who suffered much in the cause of Christ in Covenanting times, records in his diary the prayer he offered up when his little daughter ANNE was born and he was unable, for a time, owing to the Persecution, to have her baptized. "My child, so soon as thou art come into this world, thou art a sufferer : not as an evil-doer, blessed be God. Oh that He may give thee inward grace, even though the outward seal should not be obtained ! Praise be to Him Who doth not keep out, nor cast out, when men do."



Reasons for not going to Church—No. 10.

This man and these boys, and other two who are up a side street on the left, say that they can't get to church because they have to carry milk to their customers, one or two of whom, he says, are ministers, and it is after ten every Sabbath morning before they reach home.

Reasons For, and Against, Buying Milk on Sabbath.



1. Cows have to be milked on Sabbath, haven't they?

Answer—Of course they have.

2. Well?

Answer—Well?

3. We should be kind to dumb animals.

Answer—I'm granting that. And I want you to be kind to that horse, not to speak of the man and five boys.

4. But the milk must be sold or else it will be wasted. And it's a sin to waste anything. And the farmer will lose money by it, and so will the message boys, poor things.

Answer—The milk will not be wasted. There are no places so sweet and clean as dairies. The milk will keep perfectly till Monday. No doubt more of it will be thrown on the market that day than on other days, and the farmer will lose a *little* money, perhaps, and the boys, too, but so does everybody who refuses to work on the Sabbath. A joiner might as well say he loses a whole day's wage by not working on Sabbath. We can't be said to lose what we have no right to gain.

5. But coming in with milk only takes up an hour or two in the morning.

Answer—Supposing it did, the day is broken, the sanctity of it is gone. Have you never noticed the way the milk-boys whistle and loiter and play on the way home? And do you not know that it will take the

dairy-maid some hours to clean the barrels and pitchers that have been used?

6. And am I to take curdled cream to tea every Sabbath the whole year round?

Answer—Even if you had, better curdled cream in your tea than the guilt of these boys' blood on your soul. But you won't need to take curdled cream. Buy it on Saturday night, and keep it in a nice cool place, and you won't find it curdling above two or three times at most from one year's end to another.

7. But the man and boys can get to church if they wish.

Answer—Perhaps they might, if they were very anxious. But the morning is pretty well spent before all their customers are served, and the frame of mind that is becoming to a Sabbath day is gone.

8. You may do religion a great deal of harm by carrying things too far, and if there is anything in the world I do detest and abhor it is Phariseism and hypocrisy.

Answer—I am glad to hear you say so.

9. Ah, well, of course, but that is not quite what I meant. But, yes, look here now; suppose there was a baby in this house and it needed fresh milk—what have you to say to that? I have you there!

Answer—In the first place, so far as you are concerned, this is a purely imaginary baby, and surely you are not going to do a wrong to the real live boy who comes to your door for the sake of a baby that doesn't exist? But, secondly, if there were such a baby, to get milk for it would

be a work of necessity and mercy, and, with a little planning, some arrangement could easily be made between the farmer or dairyman and yourself, and any others who might be in the same position.

10. It would take a lot of planning, that.

Answer—Maybe it would, but it would be worth it.

11. Well but, suppose I did stop getting milk on Sabbath, the boy is there, at anyrate, and he mightn't go to church after all.

Answer—Possibly not, and you would be to blame for that. You have helped to spoil the whole idea of a Sabbath to him. You have already done what perhaps can never never be undone. If you were to cease taking it on Sabbath, your first duty would be to tell both the boy and his master that you were afraid you had been doing wrong, and to ask their forgiveness.

12. You are joking now, of course?

Answer—No.

13. Have you never done anything worse yourself than take in milk on a Sabbath?

Answer—Thousands of times, I'm ashamed to say. But the question before us, in the meantime, is not whether I am doing worse than you, but, whether you yourself are doing what is right.

14. Well, anyhow, I don't agree with you, and I'm not going to give up a thing that there's no harm in, that better people than either you or I do, simply to please you.

Answer—I never asked you to do it to please me.

15. I don't see any sin in it, I tell you. Cows have to be milked on Sabbath.

Answer—Of course they have. I said so already.

16. Well?

Answer—Well?

And so on, and so on, as before, till—

27. I suppose you think yourself very clever, but I'll tell you what I'll do, just for your interference. Instead of a pennyworth, after this I'll get twopence worth *every Sabbath morning*. What do you say to that?

Answer—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."



O Lord, my strength, and my fortress, and my refuge in the day of affliction, the Gentiles shall come unto Thee from the ends of the earth, and shall say, Surely our fathers have inherited lies, vanity, and things wherein there is no profit. Shall a man make gods unto himself, and they are no gods?—Jer. 16, 19.

WHAT follows is taken from a letter written last October by a young friend, Manager of a Sugar Refinery in Madras Presidency, India.

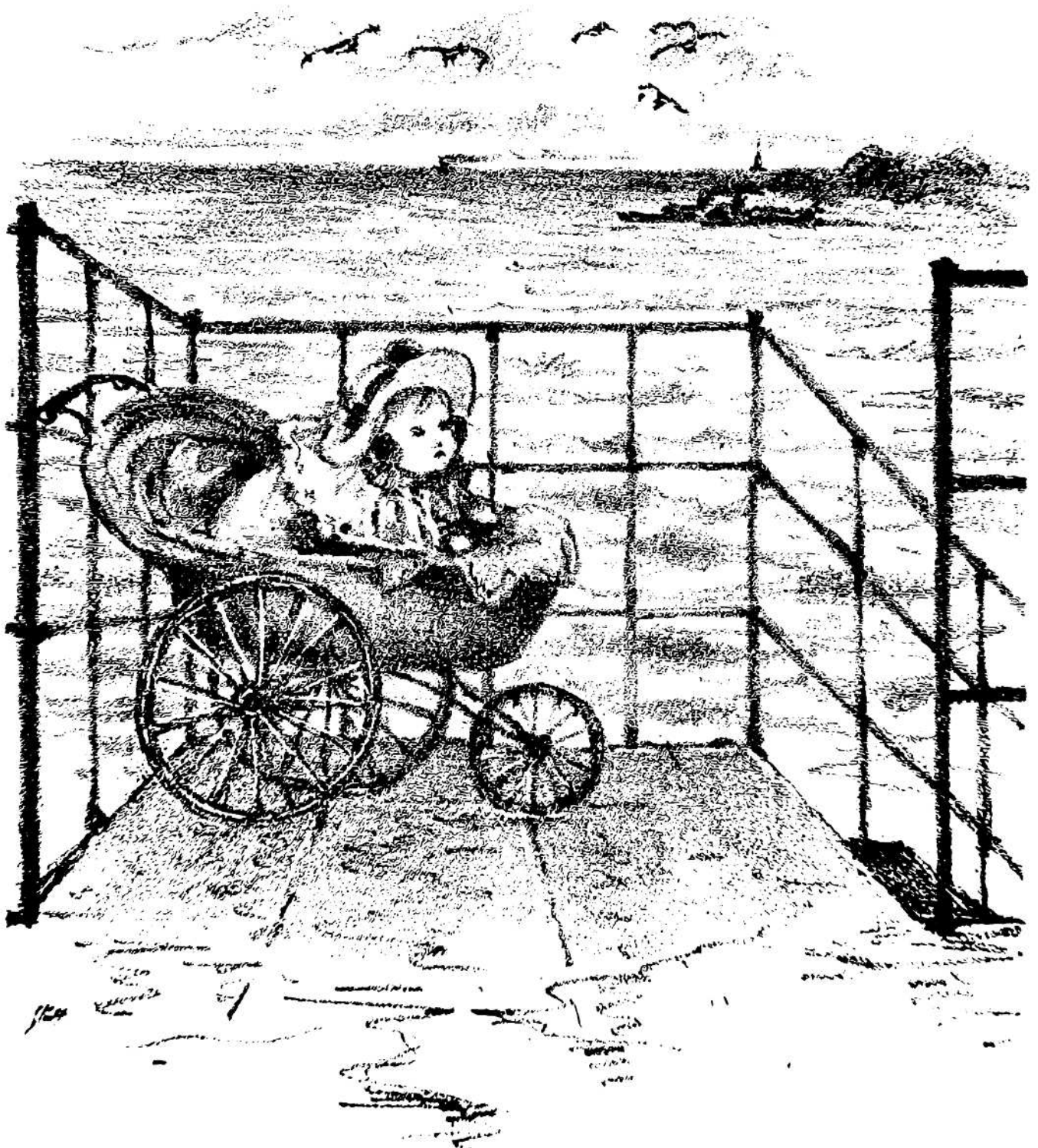
"We had a great day here last

Saturday, being the wind up of the Dasara festival. The Dasara is the time when they make pujah (render worship) to their tools, machinery, &c., to propitiate them, and to save accidents throughout the year. They decorated the whole place with flowers, palms, and plantain leaves, and salaamed (did obeisance to) all the valves, boilers, &c., most

respectfully, bringing H. and myself any amount of fruit, and garlanding us until we were tired of it. They then sacrificed four sheep in the most dangerous parts of the place, and liberally scattered the blood all over the walls and floors. Now they are quite content, and feel that the god will not let anything untoward happen for a long time."



The Squirrel thinks this a dinner that might do for a king!



Children that have Something Still to Learn.

No. 8.—The girl who left that perambulator there ten minutes ago.

The child is not; and I, whether shall I go?
—Gen. 37, 30.

LIGHT steps down and you come to the water, which, as the tide is now full, is twelve feet deep. The girl who has charge of that baby is about a hundred yards off, watching two boys who are catching fish. Now and again she looks round to see that the perambulator is still there, but if that baby begins to jump, and no one happens to be passing by at the time, there is nothing to keep it, coach and all, from running down the steps, unless God or the child's angel makes the wheels drive heavily.

I wonder what the child's mother would say if she knew the danger her little one is in! Yet that mother is herself more cruel than the little nurse is. For she has other six children, and the three eldest are allowed to play in the streets all the year round till between nine and ten o'clock at night. It is not their bodies that are in danger, but their minds and their souls, for they hear bad words, and are learning all kinds of low tricks from the big boys they play with.



There was brought unto Him one, blind and dumb: and He healed him, inso-much that the blind and dumb both spake and saw.—Matt. 12, 22.

LORD PLAYFAIR, a distinguished Scotchman who died eighteen months ago, was much interested in the case of a little girl named Edith Thomas,

whom he met in 1888 at the Perkins Institute for the Blind, at Boston, in the United States. She had been deaf, dumb, and blind from birth. When he saw her she had on one of her fingers a little brass curtain ring, the possession of which seemed to give her much pleasure. He came back to the Institute the next day, bringing with him a pretty finger-ring, which he left for the child, who received it with delight. A day or two after he received from her, through her teacher Miss Greeley, this letter, being the second she had ever written:—

Dear Sir Lyon Playfair,

Sir Lyon Playfair sent Edith ring in box. Edith thank Sir Lyon Playfair for ring. Sir Lyon Playfair come to see Edith.

Good-bye,

EDITH.

During his first visit the child had examined him closely, feeling his hands, wrist, arm, and face, her sense of touch, which was of course her only means of observation, being unusually well developed. In the following year Sir Lyon again visited Boston and called to see the little girl. She was still in the afflicted condition in which he had first found her.

When he arrived, says his biographer Sir Wemyss Reid, she was merely told that a gentleman wished to see her, her teacher being anxious to know if she would recognise her former friend by touch. At first she felt his

hands rather indifferently, but on touching the skin on his wrist under his shirt cuff her face suddenly lighted up, and, becoming greatly excited, she spelt rapidly on her fingers, "It is the Englishman who gave me the ring;" and then she flung her arms about his neck, delighted to meet again one who had done her a kindness. During the whole of his visit to the Institute the poor girl clung to him with every demonstration of affection, constantly stroking his face and hands.

The Spinning Wheel.

*And all the women that were wise-hearted
did spin with their hands.—Exodus 35,
25.*

DURING a talk one day some years ago about the telephone, a friend of mine put this question to the late Sheriff Nicholson, a man of great loveliness and of a fine humour. "Suppose, Sheriff, you were thrown amongst a nation of savages and compelled to live with them, how many of the arts and inventions that are in every day use in our country could you teach them? Could you tell them how to make glass, or paper, or cloth, or tools, or steam engines, or telegraph wires?"

"I think," was the answer, "I think—I might be able—to—teach—them—*how—to—boil—an—egg*, but I am afraid that would be all!"

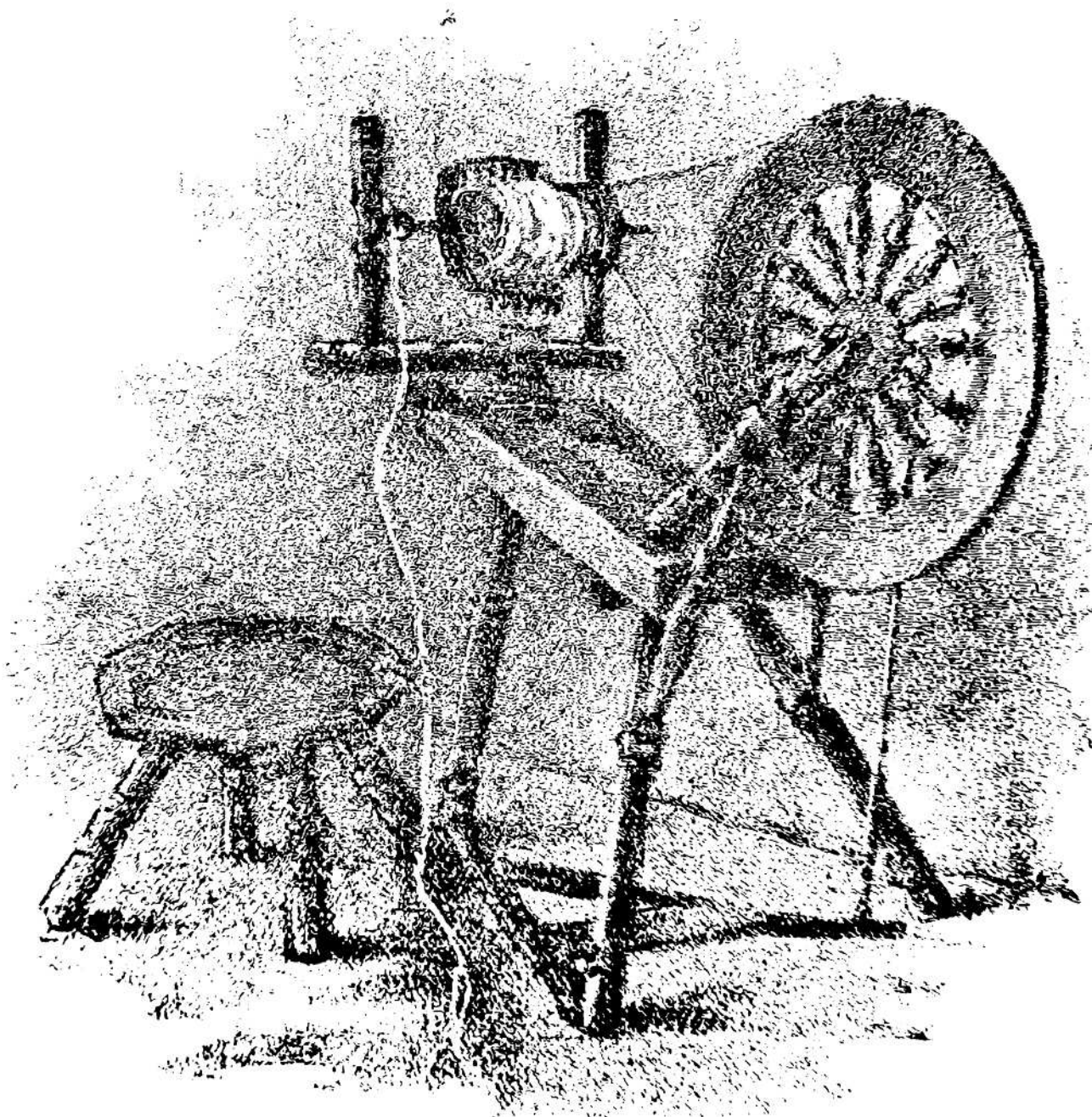
Long ago no woman was supposed to be fit to marry till she had spun a complete set of

household linen, that is, till she had spun with her own hands the thread or yarn which the weaver afterwards wove for her into the material required. Hence an unmarried woman was called a spinster, which is, rightly understood, a term of honour and not of reproach. Hence, also, in heraldry the shield of a widow or an unmarried woman is shaped like a spindle or lozenge, as it is called, like the little sharp-pointed panes of glass one sees in country churches. Now-a-days everything is made ready to our hands, and things that everybody knew a generation ago, scarcely anybody knows now. Read the last chapter of Proverbs, and ask your father or mother to tell you how the spinning wheel works, and what a spindle is, and what the distaff is, or as it used to be called, the "rock."

We have now been brought by God's grace almost to the close of another year. We have come, in one sense, to the last thread, and the year's spinning is all done.

For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late or soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

But what has come, and what will come, of the threads that we have spun? For it is true that "*in this world we never do see the last of anything.*" Our days are truly like a weaver's shuttle. What have we been weaving for ourselves? and for others? Webs that shall not become garments? or, by God's grace, fine linen, which He Himself will make clean and white?



1899—The Last Thread.

THE MORNING WATCH.

F	He shall cover thee with His feathers.— <i>Ps. 91, 4.</i> “We got by the Russians—how, I know not. It is a mystery to me. There is one explanation, and one only—the hand of God was upon us!”— <i>Said by an Officer who took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade.</i>
S	Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.— <i>Ps. 140, 7.</i>
S	So fight I, not as one that beateth the air.— <i>1 Cor. 9, 26.</i> In their peace manœuvres French gunners tried to see how many shots they could fire; the Germans, how often they could hit the target. “Artillery must in the first place <i>hit</i> ; in the second place, <i>hit</i> ; in the third place, <i>hit</i> .”— <i>Prince Krapl.</i>
M	Elisha (dying) said, Take the arrows. Smite.— <i>2 Kings 13, 18.</i>
TU	And the king smote thrice, and stayed.
W	And Elisha said, Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times.
TH	Sin shall not have dominion over you.— <i>Rom. 6, 14.</i>
F	He will subdue our iniquities:— <i>Micah 7, 19.</i>
S	Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.
S	The eyes of the Lord run to and fro.— <i>2 Chron. 16, 9.</i> Before the battle of Thapsus, Julius Cæsar called his officers together and said: “Within a day King Juba will be here with ten legions, 30,000 horse, 100,000 skirmishers, and 300 elephants. You are not to think or ask questions. I tell you the truth, and you must prepare for it.”
M	And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou?— <i>Job 1, 7.</i>
TU	And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you.
W	But I have prayed for thee.— <i>Luke 22, 31.</i>
TH	The Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians.— <i>Ex. 14, 24.</i>
F	The Lord awaked as one out of sleep.— <i>Ps. 78, 65.</i>
S	I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.— <i>Luke 10, 18.</i>
S	The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.— <i>1 Thess. 5, 2.</i>
M	Ye are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.
TU	Ye are all the children of the light.
W	Therefore let us not sleep, as do others;
TH	But let us watch and be sober. In the Burmese war, 1828, a sudden attack being made on an outpost by night, Sir Archibald Campbell ordered up some men, but they were helpless, just recovering from a carouse. “Then call out Havelock’s saints; they’re always sober, and can be depended on.”
F	Putting on the breastplate of hope and love.
S	Take heed lest that day come upon you unawares.— <i>Luke 21, 34.</i>
S	Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord. “A detachment was holding an advanced post against a vastly superior force, during the Indian Mutiny. The enemy gradually enveloped them and threatened to cut off their retreat. But the defence was maintained unbroken. At last an Irishman, with more military instincts than the rest, cried out, ‘Oh Captain! Captain! we’re surrounded.’ The officer’s reply came sharp and stern, ‘What’s that to you, Sir? Look to your front!’ And the defence was continued.”— <i>Col. Maurice.</i>
M	For He shall pluck my feet out of the net.
TU	Consider mine enemies;
W	For they are many.
TH	Deliver me; let me not be ashamed.— <i>Ps. 25, 15-20.</i>
F	They that be with us are more than they that be with them.— <i>2 Kings 6, 16.</i>
S	Thou art acquainted with all my ways.— <i>Ps. 139, 3.</i>
S	O LORD, THOU HAST RESET ME BEHIND AND BEFORE.— <i>Ps. 139, 5.</i>